

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

VOL. XXIX

JUNE 1917

NO. 8



Published at AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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# COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

## Stop the Panicky Buying and Hoarding of Food—It Helps the Speculators to Raise Prices

**U**NPREPAREDNESS is a characteristic of the American people that costs them dear whenever they are brought face to face with a critical situation which has been obviously ahead of them and should have been provided for long in advance. It is a habit with them and their government to ignore an approaching crisis until it is upon them and then, suddenly awaking from their indifference, to take inconsiderate action in a panicky disregard of consequences.

With the example of Germany and the costly mistakes of England and France before us we have failed to profit by the lesson and have drifted on unconcernedly until sucked into the whirlpool of the world war. And now, in a panicky effort to meet the emergency, the people are resorting to unwise expedients while Congress, quite as frantic, is designing freak legislation on the one hand and delaying sound measures of vital importance and immediate urgency on the other through long discussion and disagreement over minor details. Although, at the present writing, it is more than a month since Congress declared war the government has not been able to take the first step toward raising the proposed new war army because Congress was divided on certain features of the new army bill. And despite the President's proclamation that the food question is the most pressing war problem for us and for our allies, Congress has done nothing in the line of promoting larger production or of conserving our present supply or of protecting the people from extortionate prices by preventing grain and other great food staples from being monopolized for speculative purposes.

Under these conditions it is no wonder that the food panic, which recently started in the large cities, is sweeping the country. For many months food prices had been rising with alarming rapidity and when, after the declaration of war, the government issued its bulletins pointing out the threatened food shortage and urging prevention by strict elimination of waste and by raising as large crops as possible the people were seized with a sudden scare and began buying and hoarding every kind of staple food product in sight. In Chicago the mania became so acute that, despite the deterrent efforts of the authorities and the dealers, the housewives thronged the grocery stores and cleaned out their stocks of flour, sugar and canned goods and even bought them bare of soaps.

This popular movement to forestall the market is unwise because such abnormal and excessive buying produces an artificial shortage in the market that tends to raise prices and play into the hands of the speculators. Mr. Earle, western representative of the American Sugar Refining Company, is reported to have said that "the householders of Minneapolis and the country generally are still engaged in a mad rush of buying sugar and flour with the result they are bidding up prices on themselves." This extraordinary buying and hoarding has reduced stocks and, because of the freight car shortage, has caused a temporary scarcity of sugar in some localities. But that this company expects no shortage of sugar this summer is indicated by the fact that it has recently sold its product under the market. Government and local authorities advise against abnormal buying of food products.

Undoubtedly this advice is sound *provided* the government will do its part to protect the people from extortionate prices by preventing the cornering or manipulation of the market by speculators. Several bills designed for this purpose are pending in Congress, and some effective measure should be adopted at once; otherwise consumers naturally may deem it prudent to protect themselves by buying in large quantities for future use, and the appeal for them to desist as a patriotic duty is not likely to prove impressive so

long as speculative buying and hoarding is unrestricted.

### Would Tax the Magazines to Death

**T**HE most colossal piece of asinine stupidity that has engaged the serious attention of Congress is the Ways and Means Committee's report recommending a war tax on periodical publications at a rate and in such form as would cripple all and put many of the popular magazines out of business. Its designers intended it to produce a large increase of revenue, but it will fail of that purpose because in their recklessness they have made it so large and burdensome that, if adopted, it will kill the goose that is expected to lay the golden eggs. It is in the form of an enormous increase in the second-class (magazine and newspaper) postage rate.

Under the present law, which has been in force more than thirty years, the publishers of magazines and newspapers pay postage at the level rate of a cent a pound for mailing their publications to any part of the United States regardless of distance. The proposition is to raise the rate so that a magazine having a nation-wide circulation, like COMFORT, will pay about four times as much postage as at present. That is bad enough, in fact it would be destructive under present adverse conditions with which publishers have to contend because the war has doubled the price of print paper and largely increased the cost of all other printing materials. But it has a worse feature that is positively wicked in its grossly unfair discrimination against magazines as a class and especially against certain magazines consequent on their location, because the proposed increase in postage rate is not level and uniform throughout the length and breadth of the country but is graded according to distance by adopting the parcel post zone system.

If the Committee's recommendation is adopted the rate will be doubled to two cents a pound in the first, second and third zones, raised four cents in the fourth and fifth zones, to five cents in the sixth and seventh zones, and to six cents in the eighth zone. This means that we should have to raise the subscription price of COMFORT, which we have thus far avoided despite the largely increased cost of production which, during the past year, has driven a number of magazines out of existence and forced most of the others to raise their subscription rates. It also means, according to our present calculation, that we should have to grade the increase in subscription price according to distance, so that subscribers in the distant zones would pay a higher rate than those in the nearer zones. At the proposed new rate postage on twelve copies of COMFORT to a subscriber in the eighth zone would cost us nearly the present subscription price, so that the price in that zone would have to be doubled.

Because the magazines can not possibly stand it this tax will have to be passed on to the people, as explained. It is a tax on information, it taxes the dissemination of knowledge which should be encouraged and fostered as heretofore, by the government, or even subsidized rather than discouraged and impeded by burdensome taxation. And the meanest and inexcusable feature of this proposed tax is that it is so contrived that it will not bear equally on the entire reading public but most heavily on the magazine subscribers in the remote rural sections.

With the government expending millions to promote education it seems the height of folly for it to imperil or even impair the activities of the magazines which constitute one of the most important and effective educational forces in existence. The zone rate feature of this tax discriminates unfairly in favor of the small local papers and against such a magazine as COMFORT which has a large nation-wide circulation with many thousands of subscribers in every zone. And yet it is the influence of the national magazines that

is overcoming narrow-minded sectionalism and local prejudices by making the people of all sections acquainted with each other and teaching them to respect and be tolerant of each other's ways of life and opinions, that is inspiring the whole people with a sense of common interest and national unity of purpose.

The magazines will cheerfully bear their fair share of the war taxes, but we sincerely hope that, in its long delayed and now hasty efforts at preparation for war, Congress will not perpetrate the stupendous folly and egregious wrong of inflicting zone rates of second-class postage on the people and their magazines. If you are not in favor of sectional discrimination in postage rates, write your Congressman immediately and urge him to vote against putting the second-class postage rate on the zone basis.

### No Grain to Spare for Making Intoxicating Liquor

**A** STRONG movement is on foot to induce Congress to institute nation-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic as a war measure. No other single piece of legislation could possibly contribute so largely toward winning the war or be so generally helpful of the health, morals and material prosperity of the nation. As there is no possible denial of this proposition, why does not Congress act on it? The influence of the liquor interests is the only answer.

To carry this war on to a successful issue we need to make the most effective use of all the human and material resources of the nation; we require all the man power, all the wealth and all the brains at our command. We can not afford to waste money, time or labor. All must be made usefully productive. Yet our people spend nearly two billions of dollars a year for liquors. This stupendous sum would pay half the annual cost of the war, if saved. But spent for liquor it is worse than wasted because of the crime, sickness, pauperism and misery that it causes besides the resulting inefficiency. Congress proposes to prohibit liquor in the military camps. If under the strict discipline of the camp men cannot be made good soldiers in the presence of liquors how can they be good citizens in civil life surrounded by grog shops?

We are short of laborers in the fields, mines, factories and shipyards and need two million men for the army and navy. The hundred thousand men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor are needed in useful employments. Why not banish liquor and force them to do their share of the nation's toil instead of dealing out death and destruction, want and misery? Under the stress of present circumstances the government is calling upon every man, woman and child to do their utmost to help the great cause, and yet it permits this army of liquor men to sap the vitals of the nation when it is in a death grip with a powerful and merciless foreign foe.

With flour approaching twenty dollars a barrel, wheat at three dollars a bushel and other cereals at correspondingly high prices because of a short grain crop that threatens a world famine, surely there is no grain to spare for making intoxicating liquor with which to poison the people. With our government issuing bulletins appealing to the people to save every crust of bread, it will be criminal on the part of Congress if it does not immediately close the distilleries and breweries and prevent them from taking eighty-five million bushels of grain from the mouths of a famishing people to make it into intoxicating drink. Watch your Congressmen—and you who put them there will know what to do with any of them that vote to starve the people in order that drunkenness may abound and the liquor men wax fat and prosper.

**COMFORT'S EDITOR.**

**COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year, foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. **We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do.** If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we **must** have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send both. We do not supply back numbers.

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# IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By  
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, draw over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; s. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a s. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## A Pollyanna Apron

Often when one is dressed in something light and delicate, company drops in and it becomes necessary to suddenly prepare a little lunch, serve tea or make a pan of fudge, that a dainty yet practical apron really is an essential of every woman's wardrobe.

The Pollyanna or fudge aprons as they are sometimes called, meet just such emergencies in such an attractive way, they bid fair to become a necessity, although they are still somewhat of a novelty.

Such a model as we are pleased to illustrate this month for the benefit of our readers, if copied in general design, we guarantee to be ornamental as well as useful, in fact, almost an addition to any summer girl's dainty costume.

As to material, it is less work to select a nice grade of linen toweling, then the selvedges obviate the need of hemming the sides. From one and three quarters to two yards will be sufficient, as the back of the apron only comes to the waistline and is slightly fulled into a belt which fastens in front as shown. Round out and finish the neck and the bottom with hems. Then for the touch of color. Most any sort of embroidery is appropriate for an apron of this kind. The ornamental of the one shown in our illustration consists of a most artistic grouping of colors including blues, pinks,



POLLYANNA APRON.

lavenders and greens, used in working out a simple design in French knots, with outline stitch for the vines and leaves.

The neck and belt are finished by buttonholing with black. This tends to bring out the light masses of color and make the work distinctive as a whole.

## A Crocheted Boudoir Cap

As these dainty caps have evidently come to stay the modern girl wants a variety of styles to choose from, so our second model doubtless will please the miss of the nimble fingers, who just loves to crochet.

A soft mercerized cotton should be selected and steel hook No. 10 or 12.

The work is begun in the center with chain (ch.) 6 stitches (st.) join in ring, ch. 3.

1st round.—24 d. c. thread over hook twice, in ring, join by s. st.

2nd round.—Ch. 12, 1 s. c. in 5th st. d. c., ch. 10, 1 s. c. in next 5th d. c., repeat making 6 chs.

10 in all, join by s. st. to first ch 12, ch. 2.

3rd round.—1 s. c., 12 d. c., 1 s. c. under each

of the chs. of 10, join, s. st. to 3rd d. c. in 1st group of doubles.

4th round.—Ch. 6, form p. by s. st. in 2nd ch., ch. 6, form p. ch. 2, 1 s. c. in 7th d. c.

7th row.—Like 3rd row to \* then 3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in center of s. c., ch. 4, 1 blk., ch. 4, tr. c. in sp., ch. 4, 1 blk., 7 sps., 2 d. c., turn.

8th row.—Ch. 3, d. c., 6 sps., like 4th row from

next third s. c., ch. 1, repeat making 1 d. c. in last st., ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—1 s. c. in each st. in last row, ch. 1, turn.

4th and 5th rows.—Same as the 3rd row.

6th rows.—Same as the 2nd row.

7th, 8th and 9th rows.—Same as the 3rd, 4th and 5th rows.

Repeat last four rows alternately, until work is about 14 inches or long enough to extend from the waistline to back of the neck easily.

Now for front work along the last row for six inches, turn and make four more rows, on 5th row increase by making 2 sts. in last st., increase the same in end of 8th row 9th and 10th rows, then work without increasing until strip is 20 inches long.

Work a similar strip at the other end of the last row of the back, for the opposite front, increasing in the same way.

Finish. Begin at one end of foundation chain and make a row of s. c. all around to opposite end of foundation ch. Then scallop all around in this way 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next 3rd st., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. Repeat until all edges are completed. Crochet a cord of the wool used double, fasten one end to the lower front corner of one front, finish the other end with small wool ball or tassel, make another cord for the second front.

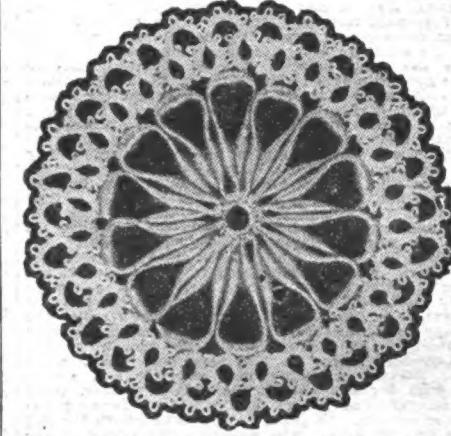
Crochet covers of single st. for two wooden button molds; when complete sew in center of the back, two inches from the bottom and about three inches apart.

To fasten the jacket in place, cross the fronts over the chest, carrying the cords back, around the buttons and tie in the front.

## Daily Set of White and Colored Thread

Insert Medallions Fig 1 in centers and edge with tatted rings and points Fig. 2.

To make medallions cut off piece of coronation braid with 42 divisions and sew ends carefully and smoothly together.



DOILY OF WHITE AND COLORED THREAD FIG. 1.

Now with crochet hook make 2 s. c. over joining, skip 3 divisions, 2 s. c. 3 divisions, 2 s. c., very close together, to form small ring, fasten off.

Arrange as shown and on wrong side, with needle and thread catch divisions together so they will be strong.

Edge of medallion 7 p. rings, join 4th p. of each to either side of a division of the braid with color 5 p., chs. 1 ring, join to opposite side same division, see illustration. Two or more rows of tatting can be added to medallions for center of large doilies.

Fig. 2 Make 7 p. rings, with spool of color, make 2 p. chs., white point of 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., continue.

## Zagzag Edging

Begin by making one of the upper small rings of 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., close, leave thread about one quarter inch, and make the large picot ring of 4 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., 1 p., repeat 6 times, 4 d. s., close.

ZIGZAG EDGING. Second small ring and join to first.

Make third ring in the same way, only join to large picot ring. Repeat from the beginning.

## Four Leaf Clover Edge

The small rings are each 8 d. s., 1 p., 8 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s. First make 1 small ring, 3 p., ch., 1 small ring join to first ring, ch., ring, join, ch., ring join 3 p. ch., 1 small ring, ch., join FOUR LEAF CLOVER EDGE. second p. to second p. of ch. of 1st completed figure.



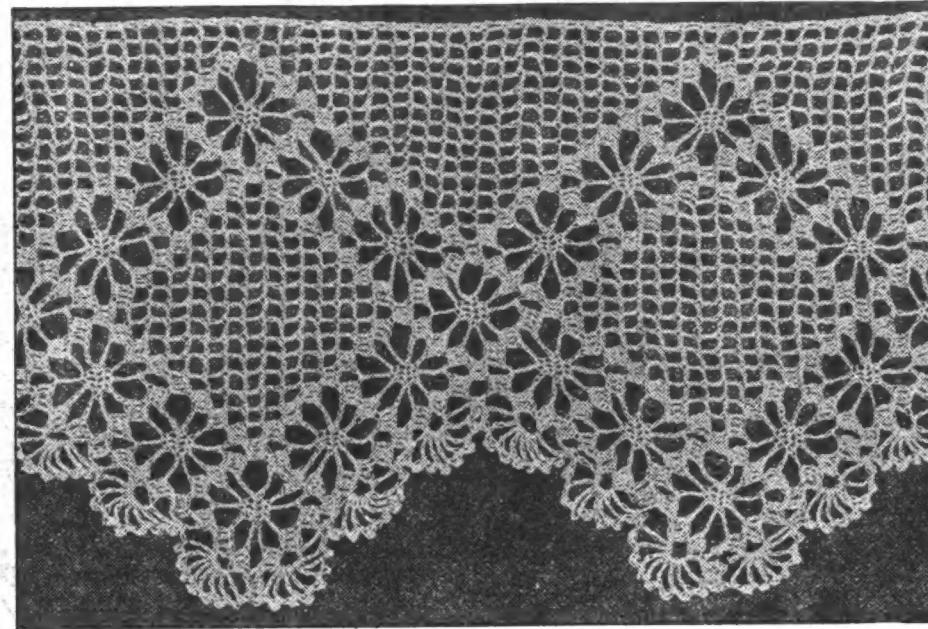
## Tatting Book Notice

In response to the demand and for the benefit of our readers who are interested in tatting, we have issued a 16-page booklet of special designs by COMFORT workers.

This Tatting Book illustrates very plainly just how the work is to be done, by showing the various positions of the worker's hands, which are accompanied by explicit directions for the different movements used in making the stitch.

It also contains a complete range of patterns from the simplest edgings and insertions to handsome designs worked with one and two threads, including patterns for doilies, centerpieces, scarfs, lingerie, waists, yokes, collars, infants' and boudoir caps, bags, etc.

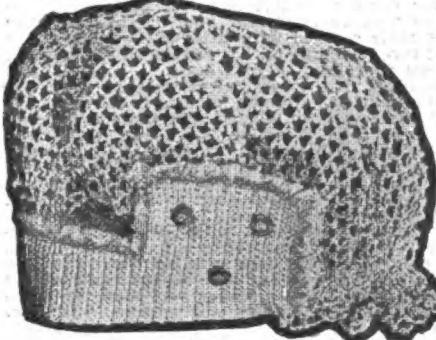
We will send a copy of this book free for one new yearly subscription (not your own) at 25c., or for your own subscription or renewal and ten cents extra 35c in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



OPEN SQUARE SPIDER WEB LACE.

This makes one picot ch., make another picot ch. in the same way, then 1 s. c. in 10 d. c., 1 p. ch., 1 s. c. in 3rd d. c. in next group of doubles. Continue in this way making 2 p. chs., on each group of doubles and 1 p. ch. between, join last p. ch. between picots in first chain.

5th round.—Ch. 10, \* 1 s. c. between picots of next ch., turn and work 12 singles under ch. 10, ch. 3, turn, 1 d. c. on each s. c., 1 p. ch., join to 3rd p. ch. in last round, 2 p. ch., join the 4th p. ch. in last round. Ch. 10, now repeat from \* or



CROCHETED BOUDOIR CAP.

work over this ch. in the same way as over the first ch. 10.

Repeat making 6 groups of doubles as explained with the p. chs. between, in this round. Join last p. ch. to end d. c. of first group.

6th round.—1 p. ch., 1 s. c. in 7th d. c., 1 p. ch., join to ch. 1 p. ch., join to 3rd d. c. of next group. Repeat, working over each group of doubles in this way.

7th round.—Same as the 5th round.

8th round.—Same as the 6th round.

Continue alternating these two rounds, the only difference being the increased number of picot chains between the groups of doubles. Work in this way until one has completed 13 groups of doubles counting from the center out, then add one or more rows of p. chs. until the cap is sufficiently large. Run an elastic in the 4th row from the edge.

## The Priscilla Turnback

This should be made with heavy mercerized cotton and worked with a fine bone hook thus—ch. 23 stitches, turn, 22 singles on ch., ch. 1, turn, 22 s. c., working through both loops of each st. Make 20 more rows in this way. Next row 12 s. c., ch. 1, turn, 12 s. c., 38 more rows of 12 s. c., ch. 9, turn, 22 rows of 22 s. c. Sew the lower edge to the cap and add a ruff of narrow lace to the upper edge. Decorate each side with three imperial roses of two shades of pink embroidery silk.

These are very easily worked. Thread a needle with one strand of each of the shades of silk and start with three over and over stitches in the center then take long stitches underneath, from side to side, thus working the silk round and round, building up about the center stitches so that the finished roses stand out.

## Open Square Spider Web Lace

Begin with chain 70 stitches.

1st row.—Sk. 7, 4 d. c. in next 4 sts., ch. 6, sk. 5, 1 s. c. in each of next 5, ch. 6, sk. 5, 4 d. c. in next 4, make 13 sps. (ch. 2, sk. 2, d. c. in next, 1 d. c. (making 2 d. c. at end).

2nd row.—Ch. 3, d. c. on d. c., 12 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk. (on last of 4 d. c. and 1st 3 sts. of 6 ch.,) ch. 5, 3 s. c. in center of 5 s. c., ch. 5, 1 blk. (on last of 6 ch. and 1st d. c. following), 1 sp., 1 blk. (on last d. c. and in ch. loop at end,) turn.

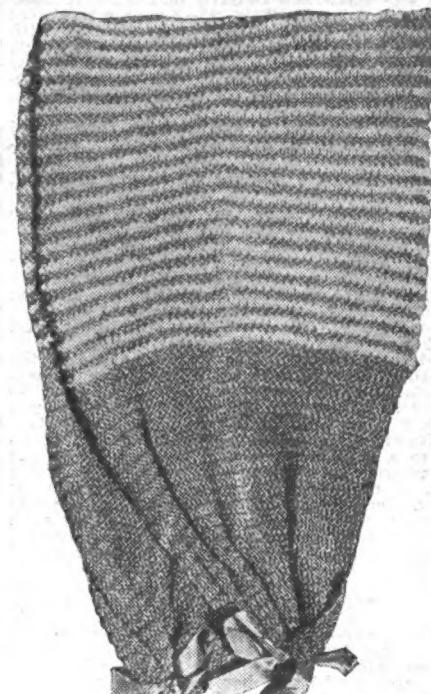
3rd row.—Ch. 10, 1 blk. (on 3 sts. of 10 ch. and 1st d. c. following,) ch. 4, 1 tr. c. under 2 ch. between blks., ch. 4, 1 blk. (on last d. c. and on 5 ch.,) ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in center of 3 s. c., ch. 4, 1 blk. (on last of 5 ch. and 1st d. c. following,) \* ch. 4, tr. c. under 2 ch., ch. 4, 1 blk., 10 d. c., turn.

4th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. on d. c., 10 sps., \* 1 blk., ch. 5, 3 s. c. on last of 4 ch., over tr. c., and in 1st of next 4 ch., ch. 5, 1 blk., ch. 2, sk. tr. c., 1 blk. (on 4 ch. and on 1st d. c. following,) \* ch. 5, 3 s. c. as before, ch. 5, sk. 3 d. c., 1 blk. on last d. c. and under ch. loop following, turn.

5th row.—Ch. 10, 1 blk. (the turning is made always, while increasing point, as in 3rd row,) ch. 6, 5 s. c. over 3 s. c. and in ch. on each side, ch. 6, 1 blk. (on d. c., 2 ch. and next d. c.,) \* ch. 6, 5 s. c., ch. 6, 1 blk. (sk. 3 d. c.,) 9 sps., 2 d. c., turn.

6th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. on d. c., 8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5, 3 s. c., ch. 5, 1 blk., 1 sp., \* 1 blk., ch. 5, 3 s. c., ch. 5, 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., turn.

7th row.—Like 3rd row to \* then 3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in center of s. c., ch. 4, 1 blk., ch. 4, tr. c. in sp., ch. 4, 1 blk., 7 sps., 2 d. c., turn.



SUMMER SHAWL OF SILK AND WOOL.

other side finishing the end with 25 ridges all pink. Bind off.

Gather up each end and finish with ribbon loops or pink tassels.

## Surplice Sleeveless Jacket

For this style jacket which has a one-piece back and fronts which cross diagonally one will need about the same amount of wool.

Begin with ch. 14 inches long.

1st row.—1 s. c. in each excepting the first st., ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—3 d. c. in third s. c., ch. 1, 3 d. c. in





# Comfort Sisters' Recipes

## The COMFORT Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Camp COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

In line with a letter from an Iowa sister, in this issue, on making clothes for a baby, is the following article on bottle feeding and care of milk, which should prove of interest to the mother, and since this is Uncle Sam's advice it can be followed with every assurance of safety.—Ed.

### Bottle Feeding

Cow's milk is the most satisfactory substitute for mother's milk. The best milk (this does not mean the richest milk) is none too good. Get "certified" milk if possible. If you cannot obtain certified milk, get the cleanest and purest bottled milk you can find. Milk sold in bulk, or bottled from the can in stores, or by milkmen in their wagons, is likely to be stale and contaminated and not a proper food for the baby, even though it looks and tastes good. "Baby foods" and condensed milks and the like are not satisfactory substitutes for good cow's milk, and often harm the baby.

Raw milk may carry the germs of tuberculosis, scarlet fever, tonsillitis, diphtheria, typhoid and other communicable diseases. Unless the milk is above suspicion, danger should be prevented by proper pasteurization of the milk or by boiling or by sterilization.

### Pasteurization

Pasteurization means heating the milk to about 150 degrees F. for thirty minutes and then rapidly cooling it. Milk for the baby should always be pasteurized in the feeding bottle. It may be done as follows: The milk should be mixed and poured into the clean feeding bottles, which should then be stopped with clean, non-absorbent cotton. It is then ready for pasteurization. While a number of satisfactory pasteurizers may be bought in the shops, a home-made pasteurizer can be easily constructed.

Take a wire basket that will hold all the nursing bottles for twenty-four hours and place this basket containing the bottles in a vessel of cold water filled to a point a little above the level of the milk. Heat the water and allow it to boil for five minutes. Then run cold water into the vessel until the milk is cooled to the temperature of the running water. The milk is then put into the ice chest, which should be not warmer than 50 degrees F.

### Sterilization

By sterilization of milk is meant the process of rendering it germ free by boiling it on three successive days or by keeping it for fifteen minutes under pressure at a temperature of 242 degrees F.

### Boiling

Milk is boiled for one or two minutes in a large vessel and poured immediately into the sterilized bottles, stoppered with cotton, rapidly cooled in running water, and put on the ice. This destroys all living bacteria but not spores or eggs, which will not do harm unless the milk is kept too long after boiling. It should be used within twenty-four hours.

If the baby's milk is to be mixed with other ingredients, such as oatmeal, barley water, rice water, sugar, etc., these should be added to the milk before pasteurization, boiling, or sterilization. When the milk is once prepared the bottle should not be opened until it is given to the baby.

### Preservation of the Baby's Milk

After the baby's milk has been prepared, it is very important that it should be kept cold until it is used.

A simple ice box can be made as follows: Procure a wooden box about eighteen inches square and twelve inches deep. Get two tin boxes, one about eleven inches square and nine inches deep, the other ten inches square and nine inches deep. Cracker boxes will do. Cut the bottom out of the larger box. Place three inches of sawdust in the wooden box. Put the larger bottomless box upon the layer of sawdust and fill the space between the wooden and the outer tin box with sawdust. Fasten the pieces forming the lid of the wooden box together with cleats nailed on the outer surface. Tack about fifty layers of newspaper cut to the size of the wooden box to the inner surface of the lid. Make hinges for the lid by tacking two strips of leather onto the outside of the box and then tack additional strips of leather to the front edge of the lid to catch on nails driven into that side of the box, in order to hold the lid down tightly. The ice box is now ready for use. Into the smaller tin box put your wire basket containing the filled and stoppered nursing bottles (or a quart and a pint bottle of milk) and surround them with cracked

### In Canning Time

If the high cost of living had been as much in evidence in the days of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant I feel sure the foolish grasshopper would not have wasted his days in dancing but would have emulated the ant and laid in a supply of food for the winter months. Possibly he knew no better so was deserving of pity (though I believe the ant was painfully truthful and un-sympathetic) but we have no excuse to offer and if we choose to let the substance of garden and field waste we have no one to blame but ourselves—particularly in these days of homecanning outfits or even the old-fashioned but dependable wash-boiler, which can be used with almost equally good results. Place a rack or trivet in the bottom of the boiler to insure the circulation of water below the jars. The time of cooking varies with different vegetables but with a little care and practise good results are obtained and the amateur gardener is rewarded for his, or her labors, all through the winter months by fruits and vegetables that taste almost as good as when first taken from the garden.—Ed.

STRAWBERRY SURPRISE.—One cup of strawberry juice and one tablespoon of lemon or orange juice mixed with three quarters of a cup of sugar. Whip the whites of two small eggs to a stiff froth, add the fruit juice



STRAWBERRY SURPRISE.

and sugar and one cup of cream and keep stirring until the mixture begins to thicken. Pour into glass serving dish and when stiff, cover with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with strawberries.

PLUM PRESERVE.—To eight quarts of green plums, or other plums, add four quarts of sugar and one quart of water. Prick the fruit and put in preserving kettle with cold water. Boil for five or six minutes and drain. Now put the quart of water in preserving kettle with four quarts of sugar and stir till sugar is dissolved. Boil five minutes, skimming occasionally. Into this syrup put the green plums and cook fifteen to twenty minutes. Put in sterilized jars.

PRESERVED CHERRIES AND Currants.—Put one and one half quarts of currants in preserving kettle and boil, crush and strain through cheese-cloth, carefully saving all the juice. Stem and stone six quarts of cherries, losing as little juice as possible. Put the cherries, currant juice and one quart of sugar in preserving kettle and heat to boiling point, and skim. Let boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Put in sterilized jars or tumblers. Mrs. T. Augusta, Maine.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—To every pound of berries allow ten ounces of sugar and one quarter cup of water, or, better still, that quantity of juice pressed from berries. Cook the sugar and juice to a thick syrup and let cool slightly. Put the berries into fruit jars and cover with the syrup; adjust the rubbers and covers. Surround with water of same temperature of jars and let boil ten minutes. Tighten the covers, and store in cool place.

CANNED PEAS.—Choose for this purpose peas that are tender. Wash in cold water and scald by pouring boiling water over them and draining. Pack in glass jars. Fill to the brim with cold water and adjust rubbers and put covers on loosely. Put in wash-boiler filled nearly to cover of cans with cold water. Bring to boiling point and boil one hour, adding boiling water as it evaporates. The kettle should be covered. At the end of that time add boiling water to dil jars, fasten covers and cook half an hour longer.

RHUBARB JAM.—To six pounds of rhubarb add six pounds of sugar and six medium-sized lemons, sliced thin. Cut the rhubarb in small pieces, put in large bowl, with lemons, and cover with sugar and let it stand twenty-four hours. Boil, without stirring for nearly an hour and seal in glasses, or cover with paper. M. M., Belfast, Maine.

TO CAN CHICKEN.—Dress the chicken, take out the bones of leg, thigh and breast, pack in cans, add salt to season. Fill cans one quarter full of water; put on a thick rubber, and place cap on loosely, set them on a rack in the bottom of wash-boiler, fill the boiler with cold water to within two and one half inches of top of cans, bring to boiling point and boil two and one half hours for young chicken. Always keep the cover on boiler and add more water as it evaporates. When done remove from the boiler, place fresh rubber bands and screw cap on tightly, setting on a warm surface to cool before putting away. Beef and pork can be canned the same way. A. H. K., Ohio.

TONGUE AND SPINACH.—Boil tongue in salt water, until it is tender, cut in thin slices, and pile it around spinach, which has been boiled until tender; drain, chop fine, and season with butter, salt and pepper. Pour over it a sauce made from one heaping teaspoon of flour, two tablespoons of butter, braided together, and stirred into a pint of milk until it thickens.

MARY NORTHRIDGE, Salem, Mass.

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MARY NORTHRIDGE, Salem, Mass.

FRENCH DANTIES.—Two envelopes Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, four cups granulated sugar, one and one half cups cold water. Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water.

When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one half teaspoon of the lemon flavor found in separate

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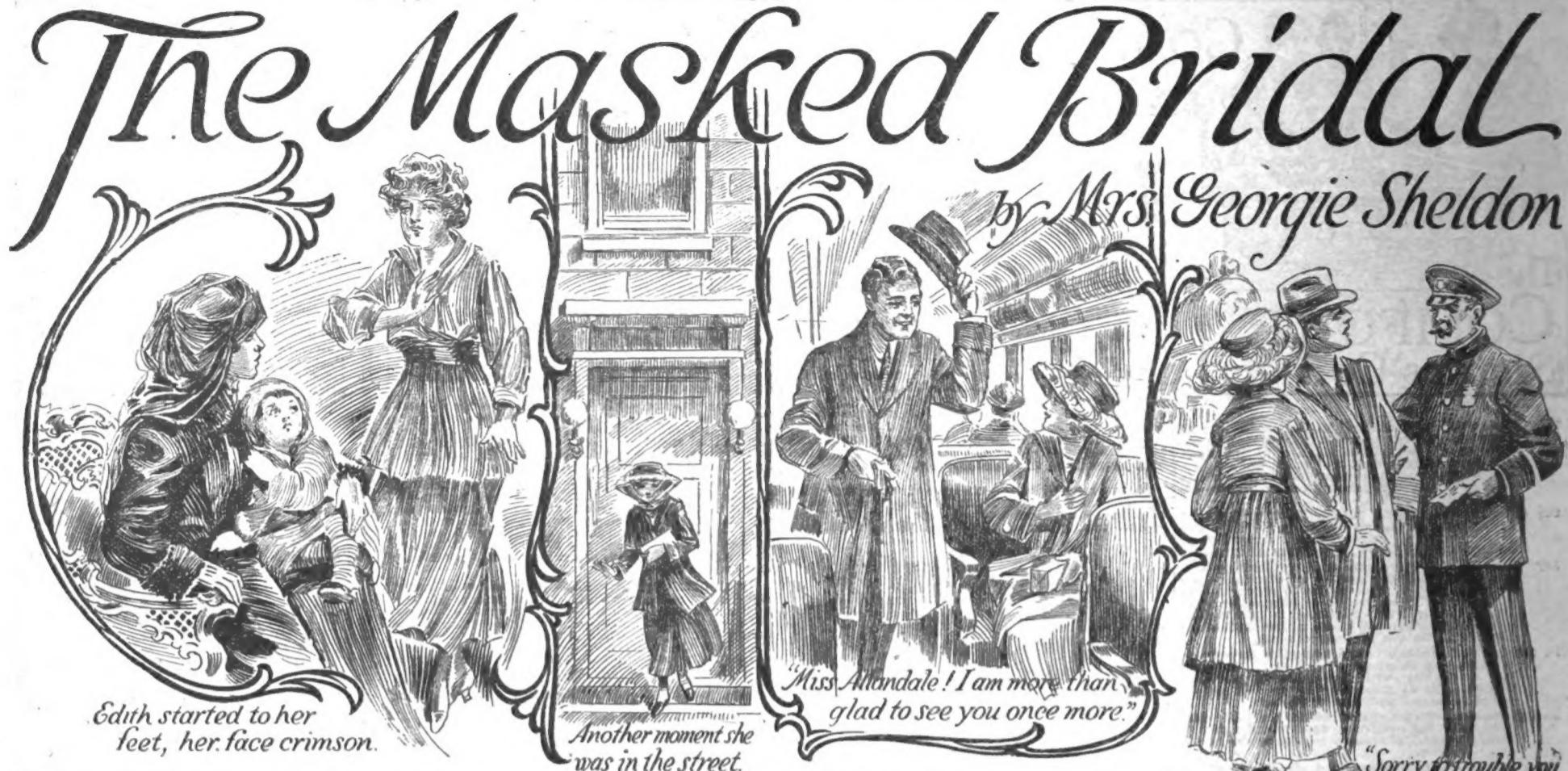
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Edith started to her feet, her face crimson.

Another moment she was in the street.

“Miss Allandale! I am more than glad to see you once more.”

“Sorry to trouble you, sir, but I have orders to take the lady into custody.”

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother, pawned a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, to the broker, who, dropping it into the drawer, declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally wife, until the father of her child admits his perfidy and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother, is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to walk, renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard, and if she needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli. Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith, addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks there is something mysterious in his relation to this woman, he endeavors to set it right, renewing his protestations of love, offers marriage, is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to work. Edith Allens wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic" at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhauls Mr. Goddard entreating his wife for a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent for Edith and seeing Mrs. Weld in an adjoining room, devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith to whom she explains that Miss Kerby and brother who have the leading parts, have been summoned home and requests Edith to supply Miss Kerby's place. Edith objects to what appears sacrifice. Over persuaded she consents and veiled and married the ceremony is performed. When she hears Mrs. Goddard congratulate Emil she grasps the duplicity and nearly falls senseless. Mrs. Goddard, returning to the ballroom asks Emil to introduce his friend, Mrs. Stewart. Meeting her, Mrs. Goddard calls her husband, who recognizes in Mrs. Stewart his former wife. Recovering from the shock Edith talks with Mrs. Goddard, who implores her to see Emil and forgive his deception. She listens to his entreaties and after his commands and utterly refuses to ever break bread at his table. The following morning Edith finds her door locked on the outside. Mrs. Goddard appears with an appetizing breakfast and with the information they are to leave for Boston. Two notes, one from Gertrude Weld and the other from Isabel Stuart, are slipped beneath her door, each one assuring interest and protection. Realizing her only means of escape is from voluntary compliance to their wishes, Edith returns with them to Boston and is shown to the guest chamber, which has been beautifully refurbished by Emil, who hopes to win his wife, with luxuries which only wealth can give. Giulia Fiorini, with her little boy, who has been recognized as Emil Correlli's wife, gains admittance to Edith's room. Telling the story of her betrayal Edith assures her of her sympathy and that she has no love for Emil, and blesses her that she is saved from a fate she abhors.

CHAPTER XXII.

“I WILL RISE ABOVE MY SIN AND SHAME!”

**E**DITH'S strange visitor stood contemplatively with a long-drawn sigh of relief, “For of course you will assert your claim upon him, and”—with a glance at the child—he will not dare to deny it.” “You are so anxious to be free? You would bless me for helping you to be free?” repeated her companion, studying the girl's face earnestly, “And—did he not offer to—marry you before you came?” queried Edith, aghast.

“Ah, yes; I was almost in despair when you came in,” Edith replied, shivering, and with starting tears; “now I begin to hope that my life has not been utterly ruined.”

“My curse be upon him for all the evil he has done!” the woman cried, passionately. “Oh! how gladly would I break the bond that binds you to him, but—I have not the power; I have no claim upon him.”

Edith regarded her with astonishment.

“No claim upon him?” she repeated, with another glance at the little one who was gazing from one to another with wondering eyes.

The mother's glance followed hers, and an expression of despair swept over her face.

“Oh, Holy Virgin, pity me!” she moaned.

Then lifting her heavy eyes once more to Edith, she continued, falteringly:

“The boy is his and—mine; but—I have no legal claim upon him—I am no wife.”

For a moment after this humiliating confession there was an unbroken silence in that elegant room.

At length Edith raised her hand and laid it half-mildly, but with exceeding kindness, upon the other's shoulder.

“I understand you now,” Edith said, gently, “and I am very sorry.”

The words were very simple and commonplace; but they proved too much for the mother's self-possession, and, with a moan of anguish, throwing herself upon her knees beside her child, she clasped him convulsively in her arms and burst into a flood of weeping.

“Oh! my poor, innocent baby! to think that this curse must rest upon you all your life—it breaks my heart!” she moaned, while she passionately covered his head and face with kisses. They tell me there is a God,” she went on, hoarsely, as she again struggled to her feet, “but I do not believe it—no God of love would ever create monsters like Emil Correlli, and allow them to deceive and ruin innocent girls, blackening their pure souls and turning them to fiends incarnate! Yes, I mean it,” she panted, as she caught Edith's look of horror at her irreverent and reckless expressions.

“Listen!” she continued, eagerly. “Only three years ago I was a pure and happy girl, living with my parents in my native land—fair, beautiful, sunny Italy.”

“Italy?” breathlessly interposed Edith, as she suddenly remembered that she also had been born in that far Southern clime. Then she grew suddenly pale as she caught the eyes of the little one gazing curiously into her face, and also remembered that “the curse” which his mother had but a moment before so deplored, rested upon her as well.

Involuntarily, she took his little hand, and lifting it to her lips, imprinted a soft caress upon it, at which the child smiled, showing his pretty white teeth, and murmured some fond term in Italian.

“You are an angel not to hate us both,” said his mother, a sudden warmth in her tones, a gleam of gratitude in her dusky eyes. “But were you ever in Italy?” she added.

“Yes, when I was a little child; but I do not remember anything about it,” said Edith, with a sigh. “Do not stand with the child in your arms,” she added, thoughtfully. “Come, sit here, and then you can go on with what you were going to tell me.”

And, with a little sense of malicious triumph, Edith pulled forward the beautiful rocker of carved ivory, and saw the woman sink wearily into it with a feeling of keen satisfaction. It seemed to her like the irony of fate that it should be thus occupied for the first time.

“My father was an olive grower, and owned a large vineyard besides, in the suburbs of Rome. He was a man of ample means, and took no little pride in the pretty home which he was enabled to provide for his family. My mother was a beautiful woman, somewhat above him socially, although I never knew her to refer to the fact, and I was their only child.

“Like many other fond parents who have but one upon whom to expend their love and money, they thought I must be carefully reared and educated—nothing was considered too good for me, and I had every advantage which they could bestow. I was happy—I led an ideal life until I was seventeen years of age. When carnival time came around, we all went in to Rome to join in the festivities, and there I met my fate, in the form of Emil Correlli.”

“Ah! but I thought that he was a Frenchman!” interposed Edith, in surprise.

“His father was a Frenchman, but his mother was born and reared in Italy, where, in Rome, he studied under the great sculptor, Powers,” her guest explained. Then she resumed: “We met just as we were both entering the church of St. Peter's. He accidentally jostled me; then, as he turned to apologize, our eyes met, and from that moment my fate was sealed. I cannot tell you all that followed, dear lady, it would take too long; but, during the next three months, it seemed to me as if I were living in Paradise. Before half that time had passed, Emil had confessed his love for me, and made an excuse to see me almost every day. But my parents did not approve; they objected to his attentions; his mother, they learned by some means, belonged to a noble family, and lords and counts should not mate with peasants,” they said.

“Then I made the fatal mistake of disobeying them and meeting my lover in secret. Ah, lady,” she here interposed with a bitter sigh, “the rest is but the old story of man's deception and a maiden's blind confidence in him; and when, all too late, I discovered my error, there seemed but one thing for me to do, and that was to flee with him to America, whither he was coming to pursue his profession in a great city.”

“And—did he not offer to—to marry you before you came?” queried Edith, aghast.

“No; he pretended that he dared not—he was so well-known in Rome that the secret would be sure to be discovered, he said, and then my father would separate us forever; but he promised that when we arrived in New York, he would make everything all right; therefore, I, still blindly trusting him, let him lead me whither he would.

“I was very ill during the passage, and for weeks following our arrival, and so the time slipped rapidly by without the consummation of my hopes, and though he gave me a pleasant home and everything that I wished for in the house where we lived, even allowing it to appear that I was his wife, we had not been here long before I saw that he was beginning to tire of me. I did everything I could to keep his love, I studied tirelessly to master the language of the

country, and kept myself posted upon art and subjects which interested him most, in order to make myself companionable to him. Time after time I entreated him to right the wrong he was doing me and another, who would soon come either into the shelter of his fatherhood or to inherit the stigma of a dishonored mother; but he always had some excuse with which to put me off. At last this little one came”—she said, folding the child more closely in her arms—and I had something pure and sweet to love, even though I was heart-broken over knowing that a blight must always rest upon his life, and something to occupy the weary hours which, at times, hung so heavily upon my hands. After that Emil seemed to become more and more indifferent to me—there would be weeks at a time that I would not see him at all; I used sometimes to think that the boy was a reproach to him, and he could not bear the stings of his own conscience in his presence.”

“Ah,” interposed Edith, with a scornful curl of her red lips, “such men have no conscience; they live only to gratify their selfish impulses.”

“Perhaps; while those who wrong live on and on, with a never-dying worm gnawing at their vitals,” returned her companion, repressing a sob.

“At last,” she resumed, “I began to grow jealous of him, and to spy upon his movements. I discovered that he went a great deal to one of the up-town hotels, and I sometimes saw him go out with a handsome woman, whom I afterward learned was his sister—the Mrs. Goddard, who lives here, and who visits New York several times every year. I did not mind so much when I discovered the relationship between them, although I suffered many a bitter pang to see how fond they were of each other, while I was starving for some expression of his love.

“This went on for nearly two years; then about two months ago, Emil disappeared from New York, without saying anything to me of his intentions, although he left plenty of money deposited to my account. He was always generous in that way, and insisted that I must have everything he wished or needed—I am sure he is fond of the child, in spite of everything. By perseverance and ceaseless inquiry, I finally learned that he had come to Boston, and I immediately followed him. I am suspicious and jealous by nature, like all my people, and that day, when I saw him walking with you, and looking at you just as he used to look at me in those old delicious days in Italy, all the passion of my nature was aroused to arms. Braving everything, I rushed over to him and denounced him for his treachery to me, also accusing him of making love to you.”

“And did it seem to you that I was receiving his attentions with pleasure?” questioned Edith. “I assure you he had forced his company upon me, and I only endured it to save making a scene in the street.

“I did not stop to reason about your appearance,” said the woman; “at least not further than to realize that you were very lovely, and just the style of beauty to attract Emil; but he swore to me that you were only the companion of his sister, and he had only met you on the street by accident—that you were nothing to him. He asked me to tell him where he could find me, and promised that he would come to me later. He kept his word, and has visited me every few days ever since, treating me more kindly than for a long time, but insisting that I must keep entirely out of the way of his sister. And so it came upon me like a deadly blow when I read that account of his marriage in yesterday's paper. I was wrought up to a perfect frenzy, especially when I came to the statement that Monsieur and Madam Correlli would return immediately to Boston, but leave soon after for a trip South and West, and ultimately sail for Europe. That was more than outraged nature could bear, and I vowed that I would wreak a swift and sure revenge upon you both, and so, for two days, I have haunted this house, seeking for an opportunity to gain an entrance unobserved. I saw you sitting at the window—I recognized you instantly. I believed, of course, that you were a willing bride, and imagined that if I could get in should find you both in this room. While I watched my chance, one of the servants came to the area door to let in the gas-man, and carelessly left it ajar, while she went back with him into one of the rooms. In a moment I was in the lower hall, looking for a back stairway; if any one had found me I was going to beg a drink of water for my child. There was a door there, but it was locked; but desperation makes one keen, and I was not long in finding a key hanging up on a nail beneath a widow-sill. The next instant the door was unlocked, and I on my way up-stairs—”

“And the key! oh! what did you do with the key?” breathlessly interposed Edith, grasping at this unexpected chance to escape.

“I have it here, lady,” said her companion, as she produced it. “I thought it might be convenient for me to go out the same way, so took possession of it.”

“Ah, then the door to the back stairway is still unlocked?” breathed Edith, with trembling lips.

“Yea; I did not stop to lock it after me; I hurried straight up here, but—expecting to have a very different interview from what I have had,” responded the woman, with a heavy sigh. “Now, lady, you have my story,” she continued, after a moment of silence, “you can see that I have been deeply wronged, and though from a moral standpoint, I have every claim upon Emil

Correlli, yet legally, I have none whatever; and, unless you can prove some flaw in that ceremony of night before last—prove that he fraudulently tricked you into a marriage with him, you are irrevocably bound to him.”

Edith shivered with pain and abhorrence at these last words, but she did not respond to them in any way.

“I came here with hatred in my heart toward you, blessing you for your kindness to me; for, instead of shrinking from me, as one despised and too depraved to be tolerated, you have held out the hand of sympathy to me and listened patiently and pityingly to the story of my wrongs.”

As she concluded, she dropped her face upon the head of her child with a weary, disheartened air that touched Edith deeply.

“Will you tell me your name?” she questioned, gently, after a moment or two of silence. “Pardon me,” she added, flushing, as her companion looked up sharply, “I am not curious, but I do not know how to address you.”

“Giulia Fiorini. Holy Mother forgive me the shame I have brought upon it!” she returned, with a sob. “I have called him”—laying her trembling hand upon the soft, silky curls of her child—“Ine Emil.”

“Thank you,” said Edith, “and for your confidence in me as well. You have been greatly wronged; and if there is any justice or humanity in law, this tie which so fetters me, shall be annulled; then, perchance, Monsieur Correlli may be persuaded to do what is right toward you.”

“No, lady, I have no hope of that,” said Giulia, dejectedly, “for when a man begins to tire of the woman whom he has injured he also begins to despise her, and to consider himself ill-used because she even dares to exist.”

“Perhaps you would wish to repudiate him.”

“Oh, no; much as I have suffered, I still love Emil, and would gladly serve him for the remainder of my life, if he would but honor me with his name; but I know him too well ever to hope for that—I know that he is utterly selfish and would mercilessly set his heel upon me if I should attempt to stand in the way of his purposes. There is nothing left for me but to go back to my own country, confess my sin to my parents, and hide myself from the world until I die.”

“Ah! but you forget that you have your child to rear and educate, his mind and life to mold, and—try to make him a better man than his father,” said Edith.

“Oh, that you should have thought of that, when I, his mother, forgot my duty to him, and think only of my own unhappiness!” sobbed the conscience-stricken girl. “Yesterday I told myself that I would send Ine to him, and then end my misery forever.”

“Don't!” exclaimed Edith, her face almost convulsed with pain. “Your life belongs to God, and—this baby. Darling have your trouble, Giulia; never let your sins bring you pain and shame of learning that his mother was a suicide. If you have made one mistake, do not imagine that you can expiate it by committing another a hundred-fold worse. Ah! think what comfort there would be in rearing your boy to a noble manhood, and then hear him say, 'What I am my mother has made me!'

“Oh, no; you have saved me!” the unhappy woman sobbed; “you have poured oil into my wounds. I will do as you say—I will rise above my sin and shame; and if Ine lives to be an honor to himself and the world, I shall tell him of the angel who saved us both. I am very sorry for you,” she added, looking, regretfully, up at Edith. “I could almost lay down my life for you now; but—Correlli is rich—very rich, and you may, perhaps, be able to get some comfort out of life by—”

Edith started to her feet, her face crimson. “What?” she cried, scornfully, “do you suppose that I could ever take pleasure in spending even one dollar of his money? Look there!” pointing to the elegant apparel upon the bed.

“I found all those awaiting me when I came here today. In the dressing-case yonder there are laces, jewels, and fine raiment of every description, but I would go in rags before I would make use of a single article. I loathe the sight of them,” she added, shuddering. “I should feel degraded. Indeed, could I experience one moment of pleasure arrayed in them.”

Suddenly she started, and looked at her watch, a wild hope animating her.

It was exactly quarter past two.

A train left for New York, via the Boston & Albany Railroad, at three o'clock.

If she could reach the Columbus avenue station, which was less than fifteen minutes' walk from Commonwealth avenue, without being missed, she would be in New York by nine o'clock, and safe, for a time at least, from the man she both hated and feared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

“Will you help me?” Edith eagerly inquired, turning to her companion, who had regarded her wonderingly while she repudiated the costly gifts

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

holy feeling to know that you are the lifeboat for a human soul and that it depends largely upon you as to whether that soul reaches a harbor or not. You will not go insane. Do not think of nerves. Try to be pleasant and cheerful and I know you will be happy, I trust. Lonely One, we will hear from you again and that it will then be Happy One.

I have been married a little over two years to one of the best of men, or boy as I might say for we were each only a little past nineteen years of age when we were married. We have a baby girl, Mary Evelyn, now seven months old. I am sure you could not find a happier home anywhere than ours.

I have been an interested reader of the "in-law" question. I think in the majority of cases the fault lies with the mother-in-law. Deep down in her heart is the feeling that her son's wife has stolen her boy from her. She, who has always been first, must now take second place, and it hurts. She may love her daughter-in-law but that feeling is still there and human nature must show itself once in a while. I once heard a mother ask her son, who had been married eight years and had two boys, if he did not wish he had never married but had stayed home with father and mother. I shall never forget his look of astonishment as he said, "Why no, mother, I wouldn't take anything for May and the boys." While I censured the mother for the question, my pity was aroused when a kind of helpless look stole over her face as she said, "Mamma is first no more." Look ahead, sisters, to the time when your boys will leave you for another and looking thus and realizing what it will mean to you, you will be enabled to forgive those petty annoyances which pain you now and to love your husband's mother as never before.

I spend all my spare time in reading for I cannot do fancy-work of any kind. I think the stories in COMFORT are due.

Love and best wishes to all, MRS. F. W.

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: The letter from "COMFORT Reader" of Detroit, asking about first wardrobe for baby interested me. If she will procure the two books published by the Dept. of Labor at Washington, D. C., I think she will get all the information she would need, for I, like her, am expecting the first little stranger this summer. The books are entitled "Prenatal Care" and "Infant Care," and there is a wonderful lot of good things in them.

Of course "COMFORT Reader" do as you please but if I were you I would not make many of the first little clothes. If you have none of the clothes made yet you could buy most of what you need. I have made a few things but they are outgrown so soon and we can buy them ready made for so little money that I am in favor of that. At a well-known Chicago mail-order house I bought the nicest little "Gertrude" style white flannelette petticoats for twenty-five cents each. Who could sit and sew them for that. I am making two white nainsook petticoats with crocheted lace around the bottom, and two good white dresses. One is India Linon, very fine, and the other of fine white embroidery. Instead of dresses for the first few months I have bought little white flannelette wrappers, open all the way down the front. The less a tiny baby is handled the better it is for it. My doctor told me to use a cloth of part wool and cotton for making bands, and two third wool "Reubens" shirts, as a baby needs wool on its little abdomen for the first year at least. If you buy your outfit get plenty of what you get but don't buy many fancy things. Mine are very plain so they will launder easily. I used snap fasteners instead of buttons, as they are so much easier to fasten besides it saves making buttonholes. If you care to write to me personally I will tell you more about my outfit and my plans than I can here. Would be pleased to hear from you as it seems we are kindred spirits this summer.

Lonely One, I know just how you feel and I wish I could have a personal talk with you. I am nearly twenty-two years old and I see by your letter that you are twenty-four. If I could tell you how the days and months have down by for me you would not dread the waiting. Of course the last months are the harder, but the days are going by too fast for me. I am not ready yet for the time to come and as for worrying, I try not to think of that, and as you say you are a strong, healthy woman so why should you worry? Didn't our own dear mothers have just as long to wait for us and are we any better than they? I'll never forget the words of my own dear mother to me a short time ago. They were, "Of course I know my suffering was terrible but when my child was dressed and brought to me I soon forgot about that and was only grateful to think I had my baby in my arms." I have made up my mind to feel the same way.

"COMFORT Sister," instead of spending the rest of the time in the house sewing, get out of doors and breathe the pure fresh air and plant a little garden which will do you and your baby more good than fancy baby clothes. Am I not right, sisters?

I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson and she will forward any letters to me. I would be glad to hear from the sisters and will answer what letters I can, but as I live on a farm I do not have much spare time.

MRS. A. B. C.

WHEELER, R. R. 1, TEXAS.

DEAR ONES: Will you allow another talkative sister a seat in your interesting corner?

Arkansas Sister, I want to say to you, and to all other sisters who think as you do, that I don't believe you would have that opinion of the city girl if you knew more about her. You say, "The young men of our country all say 'Give me the country girl,' etc. Now I did not accept a seat in this lovely, peace-loving corner to condemn anyone, especially a girl or a woman, whether she lives in a peaceful cottage among the Ozark Mountains, in the heart of a city, or in the jungles of Africa, but I am here to explain to some of you that all city girls aren't of the poodle-dog or questionable types. Do you realize that the commercial wheels of our Nation are, to a great extent, turned by our city girls and women? Think of the thousands of girls who stand behind counters, think of the poorly ventilated factories, shops, offices, etc., where thousands of girls are working for a meagre existence. Oh! country woman, have compassion. Circumstances, I think, sap one's life. While the city girl may be different from the country girl she is just as good. I know hundreds of city girls who are well educated, trained in some line of business and who can manage a house from cellar to attic. Some of my friends are married to city men and are proving themselves to be excellent companions.

If a girl who was used to living in the country and was opposed to city life as much as our beloved Arkansas sister, should marry a city man would she be apt to make a "suitable companion"? Of course we think not. She would become homesick and cry for the onion blossoms.

On the other hand, if a city girl who was used to living in the city and knew nothing about farm life, should marry a farmer would she be apt to make a "suitable companion"? Again it is, as a rule, the negative.

Sometimes love, courage, reason and tact will make a successful marriage, no matter how different the environment of the contracting parties may be, but I think the above illustrations are the rule.

Therefore, let the city man marry the city girl, the country man the country girl and may the dear Lord watch over them all, and may all of us women live in human sympathy with each other, ready to give a helping hand to any sister, no matter where she lives.

I am twenty-one years of age. Am five feet two inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. Have lived in cities the greater part of my life. Have been an orphan since I was fifteen years old and have made my own living since I was sixteen, so you see I know whereof I speak. I think this is a wonderful world to live in and I, like Pollyanna, find lots for which to be glad.

My sister, who died the first of the year, was a subscriber to dear old COMFORT. I am staying out here on the farm helping take care of her small children and I find COMFORT a great help to me. I intend to subscribe for COMFORT for I know it will be a comfort to me after my day's work and make me feel that my sphere in life is widened.

May God bless every one is the wish of an Oklahoma City Sister.

Oklahoma City Sister. With the coming of every number of COMFORT to your home in the city please regard it as bringing my good wishes as a personal message to you to aid in cheering you after a particularly trying day in store or office—not that I regard myself and aforesaid good

wishes as an antidote for trouble, but it may help some.—ED.

VERNON, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am a new subscriber to COMFORT but have learned to love it dearly and watch eagerly for its coming. I am twenty years old and have been married three years and have two dear little girls, Lois Lee, age two years, and Frances Elizabeth, aged four months.

In reading Mary's letter in February COMFORT, I would not advise her to marry unless she truly loved for I believe that love is the chief and necessary requisite for a happy marriage. Even if she never marries she can make her life happy, contented and useful by doing her life's work well, helping others and meeting the world with a cheerful smile.

Mrs. J. D. Burton, I almost envy your beautiful home you paint its rustic beauties so vividly.

Lonely One, I think you are looking at your problem from only the unpleasant side. Why not take another view of it? Think of the joy of preparing the simple yet dainty, garments for the little one that is to be and, too, of safeguarding your own health so that it may come into this world with an heritage of health. I think if you are strong enough, and able financially, to give the little one good care and a good home, you are doing wrong to deny yourself a woman's crown of glory—motherhood.

Mrs. P., I think you struck the vital note of religion when you said long a strengthening hand to the poor fallen women. Why are so many of us ready to condemn the woman and let the man go free? If the gates of society would close as readily upon the man as the woman there would be less of this horror among us.

Mrs. Maude Hurst, I, too, think a woman can be too devoted to a man? I think he should do a little of the devotion himself, but I also think a woman should try to interest herself in some of the things which interest her husband for if their interests grow apart so will their lives.

I hope our little sunbeam, Mattie Mae Clark, will continue to call often. She is the very essence of cheerfulness. May God bless her.

Best wishes to all, MRS. HENRY LEE THOMAS.

TRINITY, N. C.

DEAR SISTERS ALL:

I have just finished reading Mattie Mac Clark's letter in March COMFORT and like it so well that I feel I can face any number of you good sisters, though I'm rather timid, to get to Mattie Mac's side and squeeze her little hand. You are one after my own heart, dear girl, I agreed with you in thinking it right to answer the letter you received from the jail. If everyone felt toward wrongdoers as you do, I am confident there would be fewer of them. It is marvelous the impetus for good or evil we find in our associates. So much depends upon our knowledge that someone cares what we do and what we are. We are bound to respond in a greater or less degree every confidence placed in us.

I am a little country maid, eighteen years old, with fair complexion, auburn hair—please, not red—and blue eyes. I enjoy the country, but I'm not averse to city life either, because it has so many, many conveniences. It seems to me, however, that enough depends upon the person himself to make or mar his happiness despite his surroundings. I sweep and dust, bake and stew, help tend garden and flowers and delight in it all. I have no sisters, but two rollicking brothers who keep me hustling to fill their many wants. They are very good though to help me with the work and often carry water from the spring, and wood for me before they leave for their work, and—I'll whisper it though for fear it might make them blush to hear it—they both can make fine biscuits! Our mother is an invalid so we each try to do our best for her.

Every Sunday we go to a little country church for Sunday school, where I have a class of bright-eyed girls and boys, that I delight to teach.

Right here, sisters, let me ask a question. How do you plan your Sunday dinner? We wish that to be a little extra with as little work as possible. I'm sure some of the sisters have excellent plans and we might exchange helpful ideas on this subject. I prepare everything possible on Saturday, such as baking bread, pie and cake. Then it is nice to have some vegetable that can be easily prepared while breakfast is cooking Sunday morning. Gelatine desserts are excellent as they are so quickly prepared. Thus, with little work, a substantial meal is ready for Sunday and we feel much better than we would to stand over a hot stove and tend it, besides breaking the Sabbath by unnecessary labor.

I am an ardent lover of books. Among my favorites are: "Pollyanna," "Wide, Wide World," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Michael O'Halloran," "The Rosary," "Little Women," "David Copperfield," etc. For a severe attack of the blues, I heartily recommend the book, "Helen's Babies," by John Habberton, and think I can safely guarantee a complete cure, I, too, jot down the titles of the books I read, with the author's name, and also find it nice to write down selections from those I'd like to remember.

I shall be very glad to hear from any who care to write, but can't promise to answer all, however much I'd like to.

Sincerely, a little sister, FANNIE GRAY CROKER.

Fannie. A little later COMFORT is to give its readers an article on fireless cookers and their manufacture at home. This is the one thing needed to make Sunday what it should be, a day of rest.—ED.

KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Here comes an old maid to chat with you a while. I wish more old maids would write to our dear paper. I have read "Mary's" letter in February COMFORT, I, for one, would not marry if I did not love anyone and I don't think she would be happy if she did. I, too, have had chances to marry but I preferred to be called "old maid" than to marry and not be happy. There are two kinds of old maids—one kind is a hater of men and children, but a lover of cats and the possessor of a cross, peevish disposition; the other class are not married simply because the right man—the man who comes up to their ideals—did not appear. As a rule they are fond of children and are friends to all around them. Let us be like that old maid. I feel it my duty to remain unmarried and care for my dear old gray-haired father and mother who have done as much for me, as yours did for you. They sacrificed for us and endured hardships for our sake and loved us whether we were good or bad and we must repay them while they are here to enjoy it.

I will come again and tell how I make my pin money.

Love to all, Mother's Old Maid.

DUBLIN, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: It is so easy to tell how a child should be brought up but when the inexperienced person undertakes the task they find it a very difficult thing to do and as no two children are alike most of us hesitate to give advice. Nevertheless, as our kind editor has given us permission to write on this interesting subject I will venture to tell a few things which I have learned by actual experience and hope it will benefit some other mother.

I have four children two girls and two boys that I am teaching to be truthful and obedient and I find the best method of commanding obedience is to always tell them the truth; be kind to them and answer their questions, if possible, and join in their play. Husband and I often join in their sports and we have jolly times together.

I want to say a word to the children, those of you who have good mothers and fathers. Don't ever give them an unkind word or treat them ill. When I was a little girl I adored my mother and now that she is dead I miss her and it saddens me to pass our old home. It seems to me that I can see again her kindly face, her eyes of blue and feel again the touch of her dear hands, always soft and gentle. Some day I hope we'll meet again.

As to women's rights, I believe that men and women were created with equal rights. Franchise is a man-made law or right and the withholding of it from woman has not been from a consideration of her rights, but man has doubted the expediency of it and that doubt has been increased by his knowledge of her extreme loyalty to fashion, the prevailing style of which is far from suggestive of either intelligence or uplift—word to the wise is sufficient.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters,

Mrs. I. C. KEEN.

WACO, 1904 Cumberland St., TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I never thought of writing to this column until I read the letter from Arkansas sister. It is strange to think of the opinion people sometimes form of city life. I have some girl friends who live in the country and I love them. I love any girl who is good and pure, whether she has been reared in the country or city. But some people get the idea into their heads that these girls never dwell in the cities. But they are found everywhere, in both city and country—for they've had a real, true mother to care for them, whether she be old-fashioned or not. Isn't it just as possible for the city girl to learn all household



Reduces your egg bills

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER saves eggs

Another advantage to the housewife. The family may have excellent home-baked foods and yet make a substantial saving. Royal saves half of the egg cost.

In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more and often left out altogether by adding a small quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

Try the following recipes and see how well this plan works. You must use Royal Baking Powder to get the best results—powders made from alum and other materials derived from mineral sources often leave a bitter taste.



### Cream Layer Cake

1 cup sugar 1 cup milk 2 cups flour 2 tablespoons butter  
1 egg 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder 1 teaspoon flavoring

DIRECTIONS—Cream the sugar and butter together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and baking powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into two buttered layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for 20 minutes. Put together with Cream Filling and cover top and sides with White Icing.

### CREAM FILLING

1/2 cup sugar 1 teaspoon butter 2 tablespoons cornstarch  
1 cup milk 1 teaspoon flavoring

DIRECTIONS—Mix cornstarch with a little of the cold milk and stir into boiling milk. Add butter and sugar; boil 5 minutes. When nearly cold, add flavoring and spread between layers.

(The old method called for 3 eggs)



### Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake

1 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 1/4 cups water 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 cup seeded raisins 1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 ounces citron, cut fine 2 cups flour  
1/2 cup shortening 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS—Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven, about 45 minutes. Will keep 2 or 3 weeks.

(The old method [Fruit Cake] called for 2 eggs)

Book of new recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 130 William St., New York.

Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum

No Phosphate

duties and be just as capable of making a good, true companion as any country girl? I wonder how the young men of Arkansas sisters' locality know so much about a city girl caring for a home? But at any rate there are lots of marriages taking place in the cities and most of the homes prove to be happy, and if the wives are not suitable companions how could these homes be happy? And some of the wives were city girls, too, I don't agree with anybody, whether from the city or country, who tries to hold up one class of people and run others down. I believe in respecting each other's feelings and not being too ready to judge others, especially when we don't know much about them.

I believe in Woman Suffrage? Sure! I believe

## Home Dressmaking Hints

### Forecasts for Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



**N**OVELTY silk, organdie, crepe, batiste, embroidered voile, bordered fabric, foulards and sateen are all lovely for summer frocks, and when all has been said about styles and fashions, it is after all really the simple frock that stays longest in style, and that lends itself to each and every material.

A dainty pattern in organdie or lawn may be trimmed with a solid color in taffeta or crepe, and have a girdle or sash of the same material, or a simple belt of black velvet ribbon.

**Pattern Descriptions**  
ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH  
Unless Other Price Is Stated

2040—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This style is attractive for the new organdies, lawns, and crepes, and is also nice for linen, chambray, shantung, wash silks, poplin and chiffon cloth.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18, and 20 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

2062—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in either of two lengths. The new crepes and silks will be lovely for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2051—Boys' Russian Suit. Galatea, seersucker, gingham, linen, drill, linene, corduroy and other wash fabrics are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a five-year size.

2054—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, chambray, linen, percale and lawn are good for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2069—An Ideal Play Suit and comfortable school dress. In cool lawn or dimity, serviceable gingham or seersucker, this model will be very desirable. It is also nice for pique, linen, drill, repp and poplin. The bloomers are cut with comfortable fullness and will take the place of underskirts.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three yards for the dress and one and five eighths yard for the bloomers, of 44-inch material.

2042—Ladies' Apron. This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2026—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The model is good for taffeta, satin, crepe, crepe de chine, chiffon cloth, lace and net.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2019—Girls' One-piece Yoke Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a good style for wash dresses, and is also nice for serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting. It will look well in linen and taffeta.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

2038—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Dotted chenille, lawn or Swiss, with lawn or a contrasting material for trimming, would be nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a two-year size.

2067—Ladies' One-piece Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Satin, gabardine, serge, linen, voile, drill, gingham and other wash fabrics are nice for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, six yards of 44-inch material.

2061—Blouse, 2063—Skirt. A Charming Sport or Beach Costume. Blouse 2061 cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt 2063. Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of flouncing or bordered material 48 inches wide, or four and one half yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

2062—A Smart Seasonable Model. This style is good for Jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, wash satin, taffeta, linen, drill, voile, gingham and chambray.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires four yards for the coat and three yards for the skirt, of 36-inch material for a 16-year size.

2030—Boys' Blouse Suit, with or without shield and yoke facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is fine for wash fabrics, such as galatea, drill, linen, linene, corduroy, seersucker, gingham and chambray.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a three-year size.

2009—A Comfortable and an Attractive Lounging Robe. This model is lovely for cotton or silk crepe, for lawn, cashmere, silk, satin or gabardine.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 36, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 34-inch size.

1724—A Smart and Simple School Dress with Bloomers. Galatea, lawn, percale, voile, gingham, batiste, serge, tub silk, crepe and chiffon could be used for this model.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and one and one quarter yard for the bloomers, for a four-year-size.

2077—Boys' Rompers with sleeve in either of two lengths. The model is good for serge, flannel, gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, galatea or linen.

Cut in five sizes; two, three, four, five and six years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

2046—Ladies' House Dress. In dotted percale, checked gingham, striped seersucker, this model will be very pretty. It is also nice for poplin, repp, linen, corduroy, drill for tub silks, gabardine and crepe.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2064—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. This style is good for any of the materials now in vogue. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

### USE THE COUPON

**Special Offers.** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will mail you any one pattern free. Or for a club of two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will mail you any three patterns free. The cash price of each pattern is 10 cents (three for 25 cents) unless a different price is stated. Be sure to order by number and give size or age wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

drill, or percale, this model is very attractive. The guimpe may be of self or contrasting material.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires one and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and four and one quarter yards for the dress, for a 12-year size.

1788—A Comfortable Morning Dress. This model may be finished with a sleeve in wrist length or with a bell sleeve at elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2039—Girls' Dress to be slipped over the head. This style is nice for linen, drill, galatea, poplin, shantung, gabardine, lawn, percale, gingham and chambray.

2052—Ladies' Apron. Gingham, lawn, seersucker, chambray, drill, linen, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen are all good apron materials. The garment may be slipped over the head or closed on the shoulders.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2057—Girls' One-piece Dress with Guimpe. In shantung, linen, chambray, seersucker, gingham, and Chambray.

2026—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, chambray, linen, percale and lawn are good for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2042—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in either of two lengths. The new crepes and silks will be lovely for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2019—Girls' One-piece Yoke Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a good style for wash dresses, and is also nice for serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting. It will look well in linen and taffeta.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three yards for the dress and one and five eighths yard for the bloomers, of 44-inch material.

2051—Ladies' Apron. This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen.

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Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2069—An Ideal Play Suit and comfortable school dress. In cool lawn or dimity, serviceable gingham or seersucker, this model will be very desirable. It is also nice for pique, linen, drill, repp and poplin. The bloomers are cut with comfortable fullness and will take the place of underskirts.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three yards for the dress and one and five eighths yard for the bloomers, of 44-inch material.

2042—Ladies' Apron. This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen.

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2019—Girls' One-piece Yoke Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a good style for wash dresses, and is also nice for serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting. It will look well in linen and taffeta.

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2051—Ladies' Apron. This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen.

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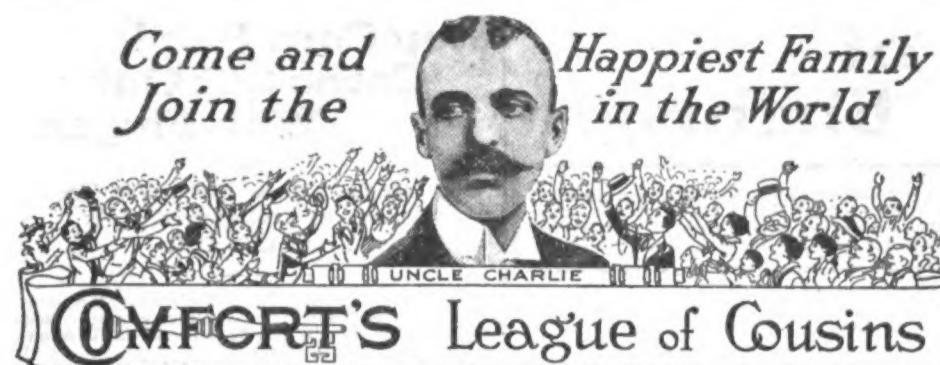
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20

*Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World*



UNCLE CHARLIE

**COMFORT'S League of Cousins**

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

**CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE**

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

**G**LORIOUS news! The greatest news since Christ was born. Over the royal palaces of the tyrant Czars, floats the red flag of world-wide brotherhood. Just one swift jolt, and the whole rotten structure of Russian Imperialism tumbled to earth like a piece of putrid cheese. It was a glorious day for the common people the world over, but a mighty bad day for tyrants, despots and exploiters. They saw the hand of fate writing their doom on the walls of time: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Kaiser Billy is trembling in his shoes, for he knows it is his turn to get the boot next. He has worked the king business for all it is worth, and has succeeded only because his subjects were taught in the cradle to look up to him as senior partner in the firm of Me und Gott, and what you are taught in the cradle is mighty hard to shake off. Billy has been able to hypnotize his seventy million subjects into believing he was necessary to their existence, and only as they worshipped him and were loyal to his house, could Germany prosper and be strong. That kind of rubbish was all right for the dark ages, but people who do their own thinking won't stand for the divine right rot in these enlightened days. Bill has been able to put his dope over because he has been a little more clever than other parasites who are engaged in the king business, and he has thrown a lot of reform bones to his docile subjects, just as bones are thrown to hungry dogs to keep them from biting and fit for fighting, but though they got the bones they were never allowed to get near the real meat of democratic self-government. The Russian revolution has immensely heartened every lover of real freedom and liberty in Germany. A socialist member in the Reichstag recently shouted: "I should be proud if there were such progress in our country as the Russian people have made. This feudal system of government must go," and he told Bethmann-Hollweg that he was nothing but "a fig leaf of military absolutism," that "Prussian militarism was responsible for all the bloodshed in Europe," that "the people would not breathe freely until it was removed."

Now if the German people will only do to divine right Billy what the Russian people have done to divine right Nickey, they can have a German republic that will beat anything they ever had under the monarchy, and settled peace the world over. That kick up in Russia has been an awful jolt to our fore-father worshippers of royal despots, many of whom want to lag behind even republican China. The Russian hated his chains, the Prussian kissed his because they were gilded, and he not only kissed them but he wanted to adorn the whole of humanity with the same brand of Hohenzollern fetters, and nearly succeeded, but we thank God the world got wise to the danger in the nick of time. If you doubt it listen to this. Six hundred office boys are drilling with broomsticks on Governor's Island, our one competent general had been relieved of his command and sent South where he can do no harm, and in a school in a Jewish district of Brooklyn, four out of several hundred scholars have actually signed a pledge of loyalty which the Mayor of New York has had circulated—the balance refused. The New Rockaway fort is adorned with pop guns that can shoot nearly half a mile, and Uncle Sam has crawled from under his bed and said he is Uncle Sham no longer. Yes, Sirree! Uncle Sam is the real thing this time and the only notes he will write from now on will be buried from the mouths of cannon. In other words we are at war, and at war with the world's most efficient and ruthless military despotism, at war in our usual happy-go-lucky style. At the present rate of recruiting we shall have an army in two hundred years—maybe. But don't worry, we'll strike our gait presently, and if the foreign language press does not object maybe we'll actually be allowed to drop the broomsticks and grab a gun. Everybody that had the vision of a blind bat knew that this war would come sooner or later, but politicians angling for hyphenate votes did not want to spring the real truth on the people. Even the most peaceful and docile nation in the world will eventually get tired of having its citizens murdered by the wholesale. We have some task before us. An army is useless without officers. It takes a year to make the poorest kind of a soldier, and it takes three of four years to make a really capable officer, for war is a science today and not a game of hammer and tongs, and it is the side that can play the game in the most scientific way that wins out. During the first eleven months of the war Russia lost sixty thousand officers, that is ten times more than all the officers we have in this country, and we have only officers enough to properly handle a force of three hundred thousand men, and not one of these men ever handled even a division of 20,000 let alone an army corps of 40,000. We are woefully short of field artillery and of heavy guns of the siege variety, without which we are helpless, we have none. Our fleet is shy thousands of officers and men. Of late years every time we commissioned a super-dreadnaught (and we have only twelve to Germany's twenty) we had to take the crews of two or three of the older battleships to man it. This means that when we put one new ship in commission we have to put three out of commission, thus making the navy weaker instead of stronger. We have been voting money lavishly for ships but made no provision to man them. Ships without men are useless, and with untrained men and no officers they are still more useless. We have had years to get ready for this crisis, and as soon as this war broke out we should have raised and drilled an army of at least two million men, built scores of destroyers and sea-going submarines. We haven't a single long distance sea-going submarine by the way, and Germany has more air men than we have soldiers on foot, and we had by the way to borrow three hundred machine guns from Great Britain before we dared even to go into Mexico. We could and should have trained thousands of aviators and if we had done that instead of acting like sleeping, sissified idiots, the Lusitania would never have been sunk, and not a single American life would have been taken on the high seas or anywhere else. We were told to be neutral in thought and deed, told that this war did not concern us and a lot of other nonsense for all of which we have to pay in blood and treasure, and we should be paying for it right now with

the best of our lives were not Johnny Bull's fleet keeping guard in the gray waters of the North Sea, and the men in the trenches of Northern France holding back a foe that would make these shores a shambles in a few hours but for their strong right arms. If you don't know this, we on the coast know it. Now after all our pussyfooting, simpering and shilly shallying, we have got to do our part because our weakness and our peace-at-any-price nonsense, instead of protecting us, inspired only contempt and finally aggression. Our foes have ten million veteran soldiers in line. They have more implements of war than we can make in years. And think over this in the quiet hours of the night. The men of France, Great Britain and Italy have been ever haunted by the terrible thought of an alliance between Germany, Russia and Japan. This dire possibility has filled the thinkers of the world with a nameless dread. With Russia's limitless millions directed by German science and German genius, the Entente Powers would have been quickly crushed, and then we should have been hit on all sides at once and crushed, too, like the shell of a rotten egg. The revolution in Russia, temporarily at least, has removed this frightful menace, but no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Russia has ninety millions of people who cannot read and her despotic ruling class will make a desperate effort to gain control. What Russia, too, has to fear is the extreme radical element, anarchists, dreamers and visionaries who want to force on the people an idealistic government which they will not be ready for a generation at least. It was this mad folly that spoiled the French revolution and made way for the insane ambitions of that military maniac, Napoleon. The whole world is in a critical condition. Now or never is the chance for democracy to assert itself and put feudal, fool kings and military despotism out of existence forever. If we could only send an army to fight side by side with those poor Russian peasants, struggling up toward liberty, what a glorious thing it would be. The stars and stripes and the red flag of brotherhood flying side by side. Ye gods what an inspiration! I have said time and again that, wherever democracy needed a friend we should be on the job, and we ought to be in the middle of Europe right now auctioning off a big bunch of second-hand crowns, packing the dethroned monarchs off to St. Helena, and kicking Turkey out of Europe. This is the work God Almighty expects us to do. He gave us this vast and glorious country so we could prepare for such a job, and not lie down and rot in it like hogs. If God Almighty acts He will act only through His human instruments, and we of all people should be the ones to carry out His Divine mandates, ready to give peace, liberty and government for, of and by the people to all mankind. In this glorious task I know all Americans of German blood, especially those descended from the revolutionaries of '48, who flocked by thousands to these shores and gave us some of our best blood, will heartily cooperate. We are not fighting against, but for the German people, a people for whom we have every sympathy. Win this war, which is a holy war, a war of peoples against despots, a war of light against darkness, democracy against autocracy and the heaven on earth I have long predicted will soon be here.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

LENOX, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sixteen years old, am black headed, dark eyes, not pretty but lazy. I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, am five feet two inches tall. Now if any of you ever meet anyone of those dimensions you may know it is me.

Wonder where you kids will spend your vacations? I spent mine in Kentucky last year. Uncle Charlie, tell where to spend my next one.

My father and mother are still living. I have four brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers is at the hospital at present.

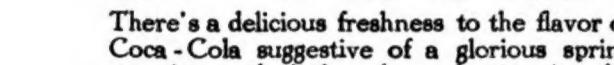
Uncle Charlie, do you know a remedy for stout people to reduce their flesh? We live on a farm, raise corn, cotton, hay and hogs, have an orchard, but believe me I don't hoe cotton.

Uncle Charlie, what do you think would suit me best? I like to work when there is anything in it, but don't like to work for nothing.

RUTH RICHARDSON.

Ruth, you are much too heavy for your age and height. Fat may make you lazy, and laziness may make you fat. You can reduce your weight by hard work, exercise and dieting. If you are anxious to reduce your weight quickly, I will make arrangements to have you sent to Belgium or one or other of the warring countries, where starvation is plentiful and food scarce. As for vacations, we are not going to have any vacations in this country this year. The United States is at war, and everyone must do his or her bit either on the firing line or the food line, to keep liberty alive in the world. You children short or tall, thin or fat can all help. Get a bit of ground, dig it up and plant something. Be a food producer. Our back garden is only as big as a postage stamp, but Maria and the Goat are doing their best to see that it produces something. If we only raise enough to feed one soldier at the

*Drink Coca-Cola*



There's a delicious freshness to the flavor of Coca-Cola suggestive of a glorious spring morning on the links—the cool, crisp air—the long stretch of green—the exhilarating thrill of a corking drive that clears the hazards and shoots straight down the middle of the course.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.

ATLANTA, GA.



front for five minutes we shall feel we have done something for our country and civilization. Get that hot out Ruth, and fight the weeds until twenty-five pounds of that superfluous tissue of yours rolls off in honest perspiration. With food at its present high price there is plenty of money for those who are willing to work and even the children on the farms ought to have their pockets lined with money this year. Uncle Sam is throwing his money broadcast, and if there is anyone in the food industry that is not getting plenty of it it must be his fault.

GREEN FOREST, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you welcome a little stranger to your cozy little corner? I am eleven years old, four feet seven inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes also, and weigh seventy-one pounds. I go to Pleasant Valley school in Carroll Co., Ark. But I don't go to school now as our school was out about a month ago, and I am so lonely sometimes I hardly know what to do. I got first prize in my class for the most head marks. I have plenty to do most of the time as I live on a farm and there are plenty of rocks to pick. We live on a mountain known as the Pinnacle. We have goats, sheep, horses, cows and chickens. I am a member of the Poultry Club. And I hope Billy the goat won't get this. With best wishes to all,

Your niece, RACHEL MARTIN.

WHY DID YOUR SCHOOL QUIT DOING BUSINESS IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, RACHEL?

IF IT HAD QUIT JUNE 21, I WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD IT, BUT TO CLOSE UP A SCHOOL IN JANUARY, EXCEPT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS IS A CRIME.

BETTER NOT HAVE ANY SCHOOLS AT ALL THAN TO MAKE SUCH A PITIFUL BLUFF AT EDUCATING CHILDREN, AS IS MADE IN SOME SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE SPEND FORTY MILLIONS A YEAR HERE IN NEW YORK CITY FOR EDUCATION, AND THAT IS MORE THAN IS SPENT IN THE ENTIRE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

WE OUGHT TO GET WONDERFUL RESULTS FROM ALL THAT EXPENDITURE OF MONEY, BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE IN A HUNDRED OF THOSE WHO GO TO SCHOOL, WHO FIND THEIR WAY TO COLLEGE. I SHOULD BE GLAD IF THOSE WHO LIVE IN YOUR SECTION WILL TELL ME WHY IT IS YOUR SCHOOL IS CLOSED? WITH THE CHURCHES SHUT UP SIX DAYS A WEEK, AND THE SCHOOLS SHUT UP SOMETIMES SIX MONTHS A YEAR, WHAT PROSPECTS HAVE WE OF EVER MAKING THIS A WORTH-WHILE, PROGRESSIVE NATION?

BOTH THE CHURCHES AND THE SCHOOLS SHOULD BE OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND. THE SALOON, THE BLIND TIGER, THE WHITE SLAVE DEN, THE POOLROOM, THE MILL AND THE FACTORY ARE WORKING EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND, WHILE THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL ARE ASLEEP THE BEST PART OF THE TIME. THIS IS ALL WRONG. WHY DON'T YOU INTELLIGENT (?) MALE VOTERS ALTER THESE CONDITIONS? IT IS ABOUT TIME YOU DID.

WITT SPRINGS, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I AM A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS OLD. I HAVE BROWN EYES AND LIGHT BROWN HAIR. I HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL TWO YEARS.

I LIKE TO GO TO SCHOOL. I WILL BE PROMOTED TO THE THIRD GRADE THIS YEAR. MY SCHOOL WILL BEGIN THE FIRST OF JULY. I WILL BE GLAD WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS.

I EXPECT TO MAKE A TEACHER. THEN WON'T THAT BE GREAT, UNCLE?

WE ARE ENJOYING, HOWEVER, IN PURELY ARTIFICIAL. BEFORE THE WAR BOOSTED OUR INDUSTRIES AND THE ALLIES BEGAN TO THROW GOLD BY THE BUCKETFUL INTO THIS COUNTRY, THE SOUP KITCHEN WAS THE MOST FAMILIAR OBJECT IN THE LAND, AND BUNDLE DAYS, WHEN PEOPLE HANDED OUT RAGS TO THE UNEMPLOYED, WERE ONLY TOO FREQUENT.

JUST WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE WAR IS OVER NO ONE CAN TELL. THERE MAY BE A FRIGHTFUL SLUMP, AND AGAIN THERE MAY NOT BE.

A BIG SECTION OF EUROPE WILL NEED REBUILDING. MACHINERY HAS BEEN EXHAUSTED AND WORN OUT, BUT THIRTY MILLION FIGHTING MEN, WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE FACTORIES, MAY BE ABLE TO DO NEARLY ALL THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK WITHOUT OUR AID, THOUGH THEY

WILL WANT OUR RAW MATERIALS. THERE WILL LIKELY BE AN ERA OF RIGID ECONOMY TO MAKE UP FOR THE LAVISH EXPENDITURES OF WAR.

THESE WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, BE A TERRIFIC SLUMP IN WAGES IN THIS COUNTRY AT LEAST, AND PROBABLY IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AS WELL.

THESE WILL BE AN ERA OF CHANGE AND READJUSTMENT, BOTH POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC.

ONE THING, HOWEVER, IS CERTAIN. THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT AND BLED ARE NOT GOING BACK TO THEIR HOMES TO SUBMIT TO THE OLD STARVATION REGIME.

WEALTH WILL HAVE TO CIRCULATE FREELY THROUGH ALL THE VEINS OF

THESE COUNTRIES.

BEULAH RANEY.

GRIP A SWORD OR A RIFLE SO THAT HE CAN FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY WHEN CALLED ON TO DEFEND IT. DON'T LET ANY OF THE PACIFISTS GET IN WHILE YOU ARE MAKING THAT TEACHER OR THEY WILL CUT HIS HANDS OFF, SO HE CAN'T FIGHT, AND THEY'LL SPoil HIS APPEARANCE BY GIVING HIM FEET THAT WILL ENABLE HIM TO RUN A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE EVERY TIME AN ENEMY SHOWS HIMSELF. PLEASE SEE THAT HE HAS NO HIP POCKET FOR IF HE HAS AND IF HE IS A GENUINE KENTUCKIAN, HE'LL INVEIGLE A FLASK OF MOONSHINE JUICE INTO IT AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING. LEAVE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR HIS BRAINS AND SEE THAT THEY ARE OF A BETTER BRAND THAN POP POSSESSED OR YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO MAKE HIM. WITH THESE FEW INSTRUCTIONS I THINK YOU CAN MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEACHER, AND THE LORD KNOWS GOOD TEACHERS ARE BADLY NEEDED. THE GOAT SAYS I'M ALL WRONG AS USUAL. HE IS POSITIVE THAT YOU MEANT TO SAY, YOU INTEND TO STUDY TO BE A TEACHER, INSTEAD OF MAKING A TEACHER. I'M SO GLAD WE'VE GOT THAT ALL STRAIGHTENED OUT. IT IS INSPIRING TO THINK OF YOU A LITTLE GIRL ONLY EIGHT YEARS OF AGE DREAMING GREAT THOUGHTS OF THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL BE A LEADER OF BOYS AND GIRLS. WORK HARD, HAVE HIGH IDEALS AND LIVE UP TO THEM AND YOU MAY BE THE FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. NOW JUST THINK OF THAT! THERE IS SOMETHING TO STRIVE FOR AND ONLY AS WE SET OURSELVES BIG TASKS TO DO AND GOLDEN GOALS TO ATTAIN IS LIFE WORTH WHILE.

MY DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE:

I AM A GIRL FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. I AM ASKING FOR INFORMATION. I FEEL SURE YOU WILL WRITE ME SOMETHING ON THIS SUBJECT AND I KNOW YOU CAN.

THE SUBJECT IS: RESOLVED: THAT THE AVERAGE YOUNG MAN OF TODAY HAS GREATER OPPORTUNITIES TO MAKE LIFE A SUCCESS FINANCIALLY THAN HIS FOREFATHERS.

I WOULD LIKE FOR YOU TO SEND ME SOME OF YOUR BEST POINTS ON THE NEGATIVE AND SEND THEM THROUGH THE MAIL, AND IF POSSIBLE SEND IT SO THAT IT MAY ARRIVE AT DUNDAS BY WEDNESDAY THE FOURTEENTH.

I HAVE READ AND HEARD SO MUCH OF YOU THAT I DON'T FEEL A STRANGER TO YOU AT ALL. I AM A GIRL WHO WANTS TO LEARN ALL I POSSIBLY CAN WITH THE FEW OPPORTUNITIES I HAVE SO THAT I MAY BE SUCCESSFUL IN ALL MY UNDERTAKING. I WILL APPRECIATE ANYTHING YOU MAY SEND AND ALL THANKS FOR THEM.

BEULAH RANEY.

THE AVERAGE MAN WITH LITTLE OR NO CAPITAL AND LESS BRAINS IS NOT WANTED UNDER THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REGIME, EXCEPT AS A WAGE EARNER. HE MUST EITHER GO UP INTO THE MILLIONAIRE CLASS OR DOWN INTO THE WAGE-EARNING CLASS, FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS IS DOOMED. THE DAY OF INDIVIDUALISM IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE, AND THE ERA OF COLLECTIVE EFFORT IS AT HAND. TO DISCUSS HOWEVER, THE SUBJECT OUTLINED BY YOU, BEULAH, WOULD TAKE A WHOLE EDITION OF COMMONWEALTH, AND IT IS A SUBJECT THAT HAD BETTER BE SHELFED FOR THE PRESENT, AS THE WAR HAS BROUGHT ABOUT CONDITIONS THAT ARE ABNORMAL, AND EVEN A BLIND MONKEY CAN GET A GOOD JOB AND MAKE MORE MONEY TODAY THAN A BANKER COULD FIFTY YEARS AGO. THE PROSPERITY WE ARE ENJOYING, HOWEVER, IS PURELY ARTIFICIAL. BEFORE THE WAR BOOSTED OUR INDUSTRIES AND THE ALLIES BEGAN TO THROW GOLD BY THE BUCKETFUL INTO THIS COUNTRY, THE SOUP KITCHEN WAS THE MOST FAMILIAR OBJECT IN THE LAND, AND BUNDLE DAYS, WHEN PEOPLE HANDED OUT RAGS TO THE UNEMPLOYED, WERE ONLY TOO FREQUENT. JUST WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE WAR IS OVER NO ONE CAN TELL. THERE MAY BE A FRIGHTFUL SLUMP, AND AGAIN THERE MAY NOT BE. A BIG SECTION OF EUROPE WILL NEED REBUILDING. MACHINERY HAS BEEN EXHAUSTED AND WORN OUT, BUT THIRTY MILLION FIGHTING MEN, WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE FACTORIES, MAY BE ABLE TO DO NEARLY ALL THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK WITHOUT OUR AID, THOUGH THEY WILL WANT OUR RAW MATERIALS. THERE WILL LIKELY BE AN ERA OF RIGID ECONOMY TO MAKE UP FOR THE LAVISH EXPENDITURES OF WAR. THESE WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, BE A TERRIFIC SLUMP IN WAGES IN THIS COUNTRY AT LEAST, AND PROBABLY IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AS WELL. THESE WILL BE AN ERA OF CHANGE AND READJUSTMENT, BOTH POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC. ONE THING, HOWEVER, IS CERTAIN. THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT AND BLED ARE NOT GOING BACK TO THEIR HOMES TO SUBMIT TO THE OLD STARVATION REGIME. WEALTH WILL HAVE TO CIRCULATE FREELY THROUGH ALL THE VEINS OF

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

## Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Nerine ran lightly down the stairs, her fingers on the broad banisters. What a banister to slide on of wet day!

Breakfast was in a small, sunny room, and there was no one there but Lady Belton; Sir William had been out and away long ago; the younger children were profiting by Miss Bruce's absence to breakfast in the schoolroom with carelessness and riot. Poor Lady Belton received Nerine's message with a downcast shake of the head.

"I knew it!" dismally. "Will you take tea or coffee? You will find those kidneys nice, I think; or will you have some of that grill? Kitty is always so susceptible, and I knew she would take cold, for she sat talking to her father in that foolishly thin tea-gown until all hours. And the schoolroom maid tells me that Miss Bruce seems very feverish and wretched, so that I have sent off for the doctor at once. It is too bad, my dear, that Kitty has been so imprudent. I am afraid you will have dull day."

"I wonder," said Nerine, hesitatingly, "if Kitty stays in bed, and you do not want me for anything, if you would let me teach the children a little."

Lady Belton's face brightened as she looked up from her letters and her toast. The children had been spending the past two or three mornings under her auspices and had been a woe and an affliction.

"You would not like it, really? I am afraid," with unwilling candor, "that you would find them a little trying."

"Perhaps they might not like being handed over to me," cheerfully, "but if you would let me pay them a visit and see how we get on

"Really, it is too good-natured of you." Lady Belton spoke more gratefully than she knew. "I will take you to the schoolroom by and by, when I have seen Kit—and the doctor. But I warn you, my dear Nerine, that you are undertaking a good deal."

She rose as she spoke, for the doctor's carriage could be seen grinding up the steep avenue.

"Finish your breakfast and I will come back for you."

Nerine was left alone with her half-finished breakfast and a pile of London papers.

"I wonder"—she said it aloud, getting up to refill her teacup—"what those children are like! They are evidently naughty, but they can't be any worse than I used to be!"

"Why, were you bad?" The unexpected voice made her jump. There was no one to be seen, but as she turned sharply round she saw there was a second door to the room. It was slightly ajar, and through the crack shone one large, bright eye.

Nerine laughed.

"How long have you been there? And why don't you come in?"

The eye disappeared, then the door slowly opened and a young person in a short frock and spotless pinafore appeared.

"Are you Joan?" Nerine asked, and the child nodded.

"I came to see mother, but she's not here. Has she had her breakfast?" the child asked, shyly.

"Yes. Have you?"

"Oh, some of it! I thought I might as well come and have some of your marmalade," affably. "Can I sit in mother's place?"

"Where is your sister?"

"May? Oh, she went to feed the rabbits. Do you like rabbits?"

"I never saw any."

Joan's eyes opened perilously wide. This was beyond her imagination. Fancy a grown-up person who had never seen rabbits! She felt it must be sad to be so ignorant, and gracefully changed the subject.

"This is my rat," she remarked, calmly, and diving into the capacious front of her pinafore, she pulled out a most villainous-looking animal of a dingy white color, and set it down on the table.

Miss Nerine Lispendar repressed with some difficulty a start of horror as the rat advanced straight toward her.

"He is a beautiful rat," she said, politely. "Will he—will he come when you call him?" she asked, with haste and some strategy.

"Not if he smells bacon. There is a piece on your plate that would be nice for him."

Nerine held out the bacon on her fork, and, while it was being nibbled by the unwelcome animal, courageously stroked him.

Joan's eyes kindled.

"He thinks you are nice," she said after a moment of hesitation on the rat's part as to biting. "If mother or Kitty were to touch him, he would bite them in a minute," she proudly added.

"Don't you think he wants washing?" Miss Lispendar surveyed the grimy beast with inward distaste.

"Oh, yes. But he ran away for a week once

## The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss July will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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**T**HE sign of Cancer rules from June 21st to July 22nd, and its power pertains especially to the principles of domestic life. When both father and mother are born under this influence, family ties may be very strong; the wife will be dearer than the bride, and the husband nobler than the lover. The sweet heritage of children will make the home a center of all joys. Southey in his search for reason of things, says: "A house

Could he equip each mortal with this sight  
That looks through all the wrong and sees the right—

Perhaps the world would find that many a knave Beneath his rascal's skin is true and brave, And many a scoundrel, hated and reviled, To this strange sight is but an errant child.

Oh, gentle-reader, Mother Eyes that dimly scan A vacillating wreck—and see a man, If this be blindness, then your God is true, For all your pain he is rewarding you.

—William A. McGarry, in *Life*.

Children born under this sign of the zodiac are very sensitive, and will cry and struggle when put into the arms of a repulsive person. Every mother has had this experience with her children, but few understand its seriousness. The child should be the judge, and a repetition of the incident prevented. In matters of education they are very persistent, and the daughters incline to literature, while the sons to the manufacturing and trading sphere of life.

**June Birth-stone is the Agate for Health and Long Life**

As the agate symbolizes health and long life, so may being temperate in all things be called its key, so much does it have to do with a sound mind and body. Eating sparingly of simple food, cultivating regular habits, spending all the recreation hours out of doors, and keeping cheerful, are the best health producers given us, and yet least heeded, because they belong to the common events of life.

Life is a service, and if lived prudently and honorably, the advancing years will come naturally and without fear. The glint will die from the hair, the feet will lose their spring, and the roses fade from the cheeks, but if a face is marked by a long life beautifully lived, with senses unimpaired, youth realizes there is compensation for each year gone from life, and that if the heart and spirits be kept warm, the years will not count, though the body is old.

New dressed and happy appears Miss June in her bridal veil, as if to ask the blessings of health and a long life. "All the world loves a bride" is a true saying, and June in her garb of leaves and roses makes all the world seem hopeful, and a very fitting time to make a new beginning of life; a new starting point for happiness and usefulness...

If read aright, there is a very pretty thought in the old legend, that in ancient Boeotia brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door, in token that they would never again be needed.

## How to Make Miss June

A doll, artificial or fresh flowers, white crepe paper, white lace paper, a paper doily and white netting are used to make Miss June. Make a full skirt with long train from the white crepe paper and shape an over-dress from lace paper. To the paper doily attach common white net to represent the veil. Use white roses around the head and arrange a large bouquet for the right arm.

want to send you home, but I certainly should not like you to have this wretched malady.

"I don't think I should take it," with well-measured cheerfulness. "I am not bit nervous." Better to have scarlatina for a year than to return to Lispendar House. "But of course, if I did, I should be a nuisance to you, and perhaps you would rather I went home at once."

In spite of herself her voice was a little husky. It was such a terrible disappointment to have to go home and face her own thoughts and her stepfather's company. It would be too, too lonely.

Joan looked at her mother.

"I will go to the seaside if she will come too," pointing a sticky finger at Nerine. "But I won't go with only May and nurse, and May won't go with only me and nurse; it's too dull."

"Would you go with them? Would it bore you terribly?" Poor Lady Belton was an abject slave to her youngest daughter, but even so she felt qualms about asking her guest to retire to a tiny

## Stop Corn Pain! Corns Lift Out With Fingers

## Few Drops Takes Soreness From Corns and Calluses and They Lift Off.

A noted Cincinnati chemist discovered a new ether compound and called it freezone and it now can be had in tiny bottles as here shown for a few cents from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can just lift it off with the fingers.

No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying freezone or afterwards and it doesn't even irritate skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! Seems magical. It works like a charm. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you from any wholesale house.

Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

village in the society of two children and a nurse. "Certainly I would go, unless you want me here to nurse Kitty." Nerine spoke quite joyfully: anything would be so much better than returning to Lispendar House. "I could give them lessons in the morning, if you liked," with a laughing glance at Joan, who, strangely enough, said nothing.

"You are a dear girl to be so kind." Lady Belton looked mightily relieved, for the children were accustomed to ride rough-shod over their old nurse, but Nerine would be able to manage them. "I should feel so much happier if I knew you were there, to go about with them," she said gratefully. "I know you would not allow them to get drowned or run over."

"We are too old for that—eh, Joan?" the girl said, laughing. "I suppose I had better go upstairs and pack my things again."

"My maid will do that. But are you sure—with a kindly detaining hand on her arm—that you do not mind going?"

Nerine's lip trembled.

"I would go much rather than go back to Mr. Mayne," she said quickly, and went out of the room with some haste.

"Poor child!" Lady Belton thought, "to prefer a dreary sojourn with nurse and children to going home." She drew Joan to her, happily unconscious of the white rat.

"Why do you want her to go with you, dear?"

Just because you like her?"

Joan wriggled hastily away for fear of accidents.

"Because she likes my Tommy," she said firmly.

Lady Belton went cheerfully off to give orders about the packing. Never in all her days had she found any one who had made their way to Joan's heart by liking Tommy.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## TOMMY IN HARD LUCK.

"Now, Miss May and Miss Joan," briskly, "we shall be at Combe in five minutes. Best tie your feather collars on and be quite ready to get out." And the nurse, who was stout, and of a smiling countenance, began to gather up the many stray belongings of her charges.

"Where are you going, May? Far from the station?"

Nerine looked up from her book as the children bounded excitedly over her feet. How funny it was to be going, she did not know where, with two children, she had never seen till today. She wondered what the farmhouse to which they were destined was like; she had never been in a farmhouse.

"It's not far when you ride."

"They have such a fat horse, but he hurries."

Both children spoke at once, and Joan clutched the covered basket which contained the cherished Tommy, while she gazed out of the carriage window.

"It's about a mile, Miss Lispendar," nurse said, respectfully, for she admired immensely the tall young lady who had "a way with her" which could awe Miss Joan into keeping the hated rat in his covered basket. "My lady said

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## JULY COMFORT

You can't afford to miss the thrilling and patriotic stories and instructive articles on timely topics that will make our coming July issue exceedingly interesting.

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## "A Declaration of Independence"

A thrilling 4th of July romance, by Joseph F. Novak, tells of fitting retribution to a heartless fiend caught in her own snare.

## "In the Vegetable Kingdom"

Describes best ways to cook and serve vegetables. This article was omitted from our May issue to make room for war cooking article.

## "A Dying Soldier Boy's Love Letter"

A true story of a most pathetic and romantic love affair starts with the old nobility of France and ends with a Yankee hero.

## "Your Child's Eyesight"

Important facts that every parent should be taught regarding the care and protection of children's eyes—by Dr. J. W. Miller.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## For Our Young Mothers

So many of my girls seem to be young mothers, anxious to learn the things they should and should not do that the small daughters may grow up sweet and fair to look upon, that I thought, this month, they deserved a little talk all their own.

No matter how young your small Betty or Patty is, now is the time to begin to decide what she shall look like when she enters young womanhood. Hair, complexion, hands, figure, facial expression, all are more or less within your power to mold and determine.

Take the complexion, for instance. If you will see that Betty forms regular habits of the bowels; that she does not eat between meals, that her foods are well chosen, with plenty of fruits;



JUMPING ROPE EXERCISES LUNGS, ARMS AND LEGS.

that she drinks four or five glasses of water a day, is given an entire body bath each night and a sponge bath each morning; that she sleeps in a room with open windows and is encouraged to healthy exercise—you can rest easy in your mind. She will have a perfect complexion, sparkling eyes and radiant vitality.

The regularity of the bowels may be established by insisting on a regular hour each day—say, thirty minutes after breakfast, and again at night. They will automatically take care of themselves if this habit is formed. Betty can be taught to take her own bath as early as six years old, to wash out her own tub, hang up her towels and washcloth, and see to the whole undertaking herself. I know, for I have a friend with a six-year-old son who successfully superintends every detail of his own toilet.

As to exercise, healthful play is the wisest way to secure it for very young children. See that there is enough variety in the play to exercise legs, arms, waist and promote deep breathing. Jumping rope at a mild rate of speed and for, say, only a count of ten or fifteen at a time, is healthful—it exercises legs, arms, lungs, and stimulates the circulation and elimination—though prolonged and over-vigorous jumping is injurious. Rolling the hoop means reaching, stretching, making sudden movements, and, of course, running—all good forms of exercise. It trains the eye, as well as the muscles. Roller skating is another good form of exercise.

The hair, needs gentle persistent brushing for forty or fifty strokes, at least once daily. It must not be allowed to hang loose in the neck or it will spoil the line of the nape of the neck by training the hair to grow too low. It must not be brushed back too severely from the forehead, but, on the contrary, thought should be given to training it to lie in the manner which gives the best line to the forehead.

The hair should be shampooed once in two weeks unless hair is very dry, when once in three weeks will be sufficient. The scalp must be kept loose from the skull by gentle massage with the fingers a few minutes nightly at bedtime. The parting of the hair should be changed from time to time to prevent hair habits being formed, and also that the part may not wear too wide.

The eyebrows should be brushed and shaped daily with an eyebrow brush (like a very small child's tooth-brush). Arch a trifle.

See that Betty's teeth are brushed before and after meals, on rising and before going to bed, and be sure to use dental floss between the teeth.

Care for the nails scrupulously, pushing the cuticle at base of nail back each time the hands are washed, shaping nail with file, and cleaning thoroughly.

Watch all habitual positions, and see that Betty's shoulders are kept straight, that her toes point straight ahead and do not turn out, and that she holds her chin well up.

Do all this, and some day she will rise up and call you blessed!

## Answers to Questions

Discouraged Girl.—Of course at eighteen your hands should not be wrinkled and dry and your knuckles prominent, nor the skin red. The big trouble is that your body lacks certain elements of nourishment and that your circulation is poor. The fact that your hands are white in the morning, sometimes, and then persistently red the rest of the day, indicates this. You are not drinking enough water, and your food is not well selected. I have said so many times to all of my girls that they must drink eight to ten glasses of water a day that it hardly seems necessary to repeat it, yet I find I have to keep on saying it. So make up your mind that not a day shall pass that you do not get eight glasses of water. Next, you must eat as many green vegetables and fresh fruits as you can. You are probably eating too concentrated a diet—perhaps too many salt meats, perhaps hardly any vegetables, perhaps no fresh fruits. I can't tell at this distance, yet I know that something of this kind is the matter. You must give your body the kind of foods that will make your skin soft—see the little sebaceous glands to working. Do you know what they are?—little glands beneath the skin, that keep it oiled and soft. Yours are sluggish—perhaps you do not give the body material to make the oil, and perhaps you do not exercise enough to keep the little glands stirred up to do their work. Take a body bath every night or morning—the ideal thing is to take a hot or warm bath at night just before going to bed, and sponge the body off with cool water in the morning. This stimulates the skin, opens the pores and removes all clogging material. Then you should take a long, brisk walk every day, and you should have some sort of outdoor exercise in addition—working in your flower garden, playing tennis, rowing, swimming, bicycling. Find something that uses every muscle and gets you tired. Eat vegetables and fruits, meat only once a day, and chew every particle of food until it is fluid before swallowing. Don't eat between-meals, and avoid too many sweet things. Drink milk, eat cream on your cereals

if you have it, and have a light breakfast—nothing but fruit, cereal and cream, and toast—as for instance, baked apple or orange or grapefruit or some stewed dried apricots (which have been soaked over night before cooking slowly for two hours) or some apple sauce or some stewed prunes (baked same way as the apricots) or some berries or a peach, etc. For the cereal, any of the uncooked cereals, or oatmeal which has been cooked a long time, or any other cooked cereal, being careful that the latter has been well cooked. Try all this and let me know how you get along.

G. F. F.—Yes, I should drop out coffee if I were you. Be more careful of your diet, if your stomach is weak. Do not give it hard things to digest. You see some foods take several hours to digest and others only a short time, and of course, if you work a weak stomach too much, it rebels, so give it the easiest foods. A milk diet, with no solid food, would be a good thing for you, as it is hardly any work for the stomach, and yet furnishes more nourishment than ordinary food. But if you do not want to do this, be sure not to eat hot breads or biscuits, griddle cakes, pork in any form, veal, pies or cakes. All of these are hard of digestion. Lean broiled or roasted beef, lamb or mutton, not too well done, will be all right for you, but not too much and never more than once a day. Vegetables and fruits are the easiest things for you. Do not eat fried foods, as they are hard to digest. Be careful of these things and your stomach will not trouble you so much. The pores of your skin are large, you say. Give the face a brisk rubbing with a soft cloth, after washing, and do not use too hot water on it. Always rinse in warm water a couple of times, then in cold, and finally in cold. This helps to close the pores. But they must be clean, first or you will have blackheads or pimples. Better get yourself a camel's-hair complexion brush and use it. The ammonia to be used for removing superfluous hair is the ordinary household ammonia.

Marie F.—I should judge your bowels were not in good order. Your backache might come from that, and when you say your skin is yellow at times, that shows that your digestion is not what it should be. Read what I say to "G. F. F.," and take particular pains to see that your bowels move freely once a day. If you will eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and drink lots of water, your bowels will probably become normal without any more effort, since you are only seventeen. Just to begin with, you might get a small bottle of aromatic spirits of cascara at your drug-store and take a teaspoonful for one night. After that, see that foods and water take care of the situation. This will affect your figure also. Constipated bowels make the figure look heavy below the waist. Also be careful in putting on your corset, if you wear a corset. These days a great many women do not wear corsets, thinking it better for the figure. You should unlace your corset before taking it off at night—that is, until it is loose the strings more widely. In the morning, slip it on and fasten it up in front, and fasten the side garters to the stockings before lacing the corset in the back. Settle it easily at the waistline before lacing. You should put your strings in the corset in such a way that you can tie them near the bottom of the corset, and again at the waist. The way to do this is to lace naturally for three or four holes from the bottom—depending on the length of the corset—and then instead of crossing over with either string, put each in the hole just above where it last came out and leave a loop hanging, then lace across as before till waist is reached, when make another loop as before and lace to top. Or, rather, the best way is to begin at top, putting the middle of your string there, and starting each side with one half of the string, making a loop at the waist and again at the hips, and finally tying the ends of the string at the very bottom of the corset. In lacing your corset when it is on, draw the strings at the hips and tie first, pulling down, never up toward waist; then draw the strings until you reach the waist, and tie there, drawing from above as well as from below. You may be putting on your corset all laced up and so pushing your figure down as you fasten the corset, thus making yourself larger below the waist than you should be. There is a lot to putting on a corset, and at seventeen it is not a bad thing to leave it off altogether. Better, also, practise all the arm exercises you find in this column—this will develop the upper part of your body. Your hair, you say, is thin. It would be if your bowels and stomach were not in good order. You can't have healthy hair if the body isn't in perfect condition, so get to work to make it so. In the meantime shampoo once in three weeks, and rinse very thoroughly after each shampoo, over and over again. Brush the hair gently every night for one hundred strokes.

Thule.—If your hair "sours" one day after shampooing, I should judge you did not get it thoroughly dry before doing up. How about it? Rinse in many, many waters, as if any soap is left on scalp or hair it will cause dandruff. Then dry the hair thoroughly in the sun, letting it hang loose and lifting and shaking it so the air gets to every portion, and the sun, too. It should be "bone-dry" and warm to the touch before you put it up. Once a week is too often to wash your hair. Once in two weeks, if your hair is oily, in about right. The night before shampooing, soak the scalp in olive oil and do up in a towel. Let stand till the morning, when you shampoo. This will loosen the dandruff and help to detach it from the



ROLLING A HOOP IS GOOD TO TRAIN THE EYE AND THE MOVEMENTS AS WELL AS TO EXERCISE LEGS AND ARMS.

scalp. You must rub the scalp thoroughly while shampooing. Make a soap jelly, dissolving half a cake of shaved white soap in a quart of boiling water and keeping it over a flame until all dissolved. Let slightly cool, then dampen the hair and scalp with plain water, and pour on this soap liquid, rubbing it into every part of the scalp over and over. Go to your scalp as if you were rubbing hard on a washing board! Rinse out thoroughly, then use another soap of the soap liquid and rub again. Finally, rinse in half dozen or more waters. You can't rinse too much. Do not let your hair stay done up at night? That is almost sure to produce dandruff. Take it down, always, loosen it, shake it by the open window, then brush for one hundred strokes, and either go to bed with the hair entirely loose, or braided, without tying, in extremely loose braids. Take care of your general health and your diet, for these will also affect the condition of your hair. Better read what I have said to other members of our club this month about this.

An Old Subscriber.—The best way to make the eyes sparkle is to keep the body in good condition and also have plenty of sleep. Wash the eyes out once a day with a four per cent solution of boric acid. But, most of all, see that the bowels move freely every day. Milk that has had the butter taken out of it will not produce flesh. Its fat producing qualities have

# COMFORT

## Be Beautiful—Be Youthful

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CHICAGO



gone into the butter. It is a healthful drink, however, as it destroys many disease germs. To soften hard water, add powdered borax to it, or a few drops of tincture of benzoin. The latter will make the water milky in color and soften it. Why not boil some bran on the stove and use the bran water to wash your hands? It is excellent. Or you can make some small bags of rolled oats, about two or three inches, partly full of the oats, and use these to wash with—a fresh one each time—they are softening to the skin. For your dishes use a dish mop, to keep your hands out of the water as much as possible, and you can, if you like, use rubber gloves when your work requires your putting your hands in water, or the ordinary white gloves that are called "garden gloves" or "workmen's gloves." These can be washed and kept always fresh, while protecting your hands from all things dirty.

Dollie Bell.—No, one hundred and seventeen pounds is not too much for sixteen years old, five feet two. You could weigh one hundred and twenty-five. The blackheads can be gotten rid of by scrubbing nightly with a complexion brush (camel's-hair) and hot soapy water, and rinsing thoroughly. Your last rinsing should always be of cold water to close the pores. Be sure to exercise freely every day—outdoor exercise, I mean. That is the best way to keep the pores open and help them to throw off the little impurities which, if allowed to remain, will cause blackheads. About your hands, see my answer to "Discouraged Girl." In New York, the daughters of many of the most fashionable families still wear their hair in braids at sixteen, so if you want to do so you would be right in line with the best customs. If you want to do it up, I should part it in the middle, and also again just behind the ears, so that your front hair will be in two sections. Comb your back hair half way up your head and tie firmly with a bit of narrow shoestring. Now twist this hair into a rope, rather tight, and loop it once, letting the loop stand out from the head, and winding the hair around the base of the loop in a smooth coil. This will be a Psycho knot. Then take one half of your front hair and roll it away from the face, beginning just above the ears. Bring the end around your coil, and do the same with the other side. A prettier way is to part the hair from the forehead to the neck. Comb each side up and toward the ear, holding the strand just behind the ear, and braid. Bring one braid across to where the other braid starts, and tie with a big bow of ribbon. Then bring the second braid over to where the first started and tie there with a bow. This is a simple and pretty way of doing the hair. You can roll the hair slightly away from the forehead, not drawing it back too tight, before braiding, if you desire.

Mrs. S. R.—I am so sorry you have been delayed in getting an answer to your question. You see the magazine is printed so long in advance, and there are so many letters to answer that it always takes a little time before an answer can be printed. It is against the rules of the department to answer letters by mail. I was much interested in your letter. Yes, I think the milk diet would help you, because milk is easy to digest when taken without solid foods. You say your liver is out of order. You should exercise for this, and you should cut out all foods which overwork it. Cut out sweets and fats, for these tax the liver. If you will read what I said to "G. F. F.," the directions will apply to you as well. If I were you I should drink a glass of cool water before breakfast, containing the juice of half a lemon. This is good for the liver, but exercise is best of all. I am sorry you are having such a nervous time, but if you can get your stomach, bowels and liver to behaving, it will make everything easier for you. At the time of the "change," the body is very much disturbed, and the stomach finds it hard to digest anything but very simple foods, in many cases. So keep this in mind. Eat cereals and cream, fruits, toast, vegetables. Drink milk, lots of water. See to the bowels—this is most important. Warm baths at night will help to relieve your nervousness, probably. And be as cheerful as you can, for this is a passing phase. Here is an exercise for your liver:

### To Stimulate the Liver

Sitting in a chair, with feet firmly planted on the ground, chin up, chest out, and hands on hips, turn the body at the waist as far to the left as possible, then as far to the right. Continue for fifteen or twenty times. Then stand erect, heel a few inches apart, hands above head, palms meeting, elbows perfectly straight, shoulders back. Without bending knees, throw arms out and down and back between the knees as far as they can go. Bend at waist only, do not bend knees. Practise for a few minutes at a time.

### Another Exercise

Lying on back on bed, raise right leg without bending knee until it is as near at right angles with the body as you can get it. Then lower gradually, the slower the better, being careful to keep leg stiff. Repeat five or six times, then do the same with the left leg, then with both. This is good for the liver and for constipation, as well as for reducing a too fat abdomen.

Address all letters containing questions to  
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

sisters will be able to help you. Prenatal influence sometimes causes strange things, but doubtless this is merely one form of nervousness that she will outgrow, so be patient and wait.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I may come in for a short chat? I am every inch a Tar Heel. I was born in North Carolina, but my parents came to Tenn. seven years ago. It is a fine state but North Carolina can't be beaten.

I was glad to read such a cheerful letter from Mattie Mae Clark. She certainly is a dear and one of my most loved childhood chums.

I wonder how many of the sisters think life is what we make it? I do. Does not the cheerful woman make a cheerful world just as the sorrowing woman makes a gloomy world. The eye matches that which it looks upon. The ear makes its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within. The cold-hearted may expect to be treated with coldness and the proud with haughtiness; those who forget the rights of others must not be surprised if their own are forgotten. How many does a lovely example win to goodness? There are no trials which we may not transform

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**T**HE Widow Jefferson, proprietress of the Halfway House between Mordaunt and Prairieon, had just discharged the last of her servants.

"I'm sorry," she told the Mexican woman, who still lingered by the doorway. "You know the circumstances as well as I. Trade has fallen away to almost nothing. So few pass this way now."

"But the señora will be lonely!" with wide-open eyes. "I will stay without wages, señora!"

"I thank you for that," Mrs. Jefferson replied, "but I cannot allow you to do it. It wouldn't be fair to you."

Dolores shrugged her fat shoulders as Mexicans are forever shrugging their shoulders, took up her small bundle of clothing and went. The Widow Jefferson sighed. She had liked Dolores.

The remainder of the day dragged heavily to this young woman who was braving the dangers of the borderland in order that she might support herself and her child. When she went to bed that night a big revolver of an old-fashioned frontier type and a Winchester rifle lay within easy reach of her hands. These weapons had belonged to her husband, Bowers Jefferson the Ranger, one-time terror to border thieves, and to the woman's mind his more than dauntless spirit still hovered about them. He had known, none better, how to shoot true and fast, and he had taught her to shoot true and fast. She knew that she could handle firearms better than most men. Thus assured, she fell asleep.

The sun was shining through a rent high in the adobe wall at the head of her bed when she awoke. Turning her head slowly, she looked tenderly upon the sleeping, dimpled face of her son; with gentle fingers she swept back a wayward curl that had strayed down over one of the tender-lidded, baby-blue eyes.

"Poor little boy," she murmured; and, as though he heard her voice, the child moved closer to her. "Poor little boy. You've got only a dog and a kitten—and a mother. You ought to go to school next year. If I had as much as a thousand dollars, I'd take you East, where there are schools. I'd open a restaurant, or something. I'd make it support us . . . ."

Slowly the red sun climbed higher and higher in its pale-blue sky and threw its shimmering rays over the vast dry plains like the blasts of a furnace. The mesquit, that chaplet of the desert, wrinkled its alkali-covered leaves as though in pain; the hot sand sparkled; the dim haze trembled in the purple distances; the coyotes, scavengers of the endless reaches, hid their lank bodies in their deepest lairs. Mrs. Jefferson went about her duties, as usual, trying to sing, as usual. But the songs wouldn't come. There was no melody in her heart; in her heart there was nothing save the vivid recollection of that bitter day, now exactly five years gone, when four cowmen had brought her Ranger husband home from the Rio Grande. She remembered so well the two blue-rimmed bullet holes in his breast, the waxen face, the bloodless lips that could speak to her no more. It had been a Gethsemane . . . . A band of greasers had waylaid him.

On the front doorstep the child Bowers, named for his father, played with his year-old Mexican dog and his striped kitten. Suddenly the boy rose and looked down the long, hot streak that was the old stage road. A moment later he turned to his mother with an exclamation:

"Dust!"

Dust! Everything, thought the lone and lonely woman, was indeed dust. There was nothing left to her but dust. Life was all dust now.

"Mother, look!" cried the boy.

"I wonder," muttered Mrs. Jefferson, as one waking from a dream. She hastened to the doorway. Standing there, she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked westward over the alkali-lined road.

"It's a man on horseback," she finally said.

The rider approached swiftly. The woman, watching with only ordinary interest, saw a youngish man, who was attired in the common clothing of the West and armed well, gallop a fire-breathing broncho up and past. All at once he drew his rein; then he spoke to his mount, turned and rode back to the Halfway House.

"I'm a horned toad," he declared, smiling, "if I knew there was a stoppin'-place this side o' Mordaunt! I'm half starved, ma'am. Can you accommodate me to a dinner? I'm not particular what it is, ma'am. Even a baked house cat'd go fine with me about now!"

"I'll have dinner for you in thirty minutes," quietly said Mrs. Jefferson. "There is a barn behind the house; you'll find something for your horse there; and just below it is the ore spring in the county. When you come back, take a chair in this room." She pointed to a doorway at her left.

"And how about a drink?" inquired the newcomer, while he twisted at a small blonde mustache.

"Water," said the woman, frowning. "I don't handle spirits."

"Water!" laughed the stranger. "Whoop-ee! I always thought water was for cows and to wash in! But I guess it's better'n nothin'."

The widow was making hasty way with a quick meal when her guest returned from the barn. She sighed as she noted that her supply of food was all too scant; but strong, strapping men were not usually hard to please in their eating, she knew.

The stranger had taken Bowers the second to his lap and was talking to him—evidently in a manner highly pleasing to the boy, for the dimpled face was all interest. Suddenly Bowers sprang from the big knees to the floor and brought an old guitar, one that Dolores had left. With a satisfied look the big brown man took the battered instrument and struck several chords readily. Then he began to lilt a rollicking Spanish buccaneer song for the pleasure of his youthful listener.

Mrs. Jefferson stopped her work and listened. It was a good voice, a rich voice. She found herself wondering—where had she seen that strong, yet boyish, face before? She stole to the room adjoining that from which came the song, and took a slightly yellowed newspaper from behind a picture frame. Opening the faded sheet, she spread it out on a little table and saw a likeness—all but the small blonde mustache—of that same stranger's face. Under the picture was a sentence that cried out that he was a fugitive from justice and that a reward of a thousand dollars would be paid for his capture, dead or alive! He was John McKenzie, the outlaw.

She caught up her revolver, thinking rapid-

ly. With the reward money, she could go East with her son and open a restaurant. But John McKenzie had taken her child by the hand, and, as the proverb says, herself by the heart thereby. Cautiously she moved toward the doorway, as yet undecided. The great pistol hung heavily in her small hand. Her lower lip trembled—and then set tightly against its mate; with a resolute look on her finely-molded face, she pulled the hammer of the Colt's back to a full and went on.

"Put up your hands!" she ordered in a voice that had neither weakness nor gentleness in its tones.

The outlaw looked toward her surprisedly, let the guitar fall to his lap, and raised his hands a little higher than his head.

"They're up, ma'am," he said easily, laughing. "It ain't such a big disgrace to be arrested by a woman, you know; they're ten times as apt to shoot as menfolks are. And, besides, it's sort o' nice to be caught by as pretty a woman as you—begging your pardon, of course, for the saying of it."

"Never mind that," replied the young widow. "Keep your hands where they are."

She went to him and took his pair of blued revolvers from their holsters, then crossed the room and threw the weapons into an open chest; a moment later, and she had closed the chest and locked it.

"Say, ma'am," begged John McKenzie, "won't you let me lower my arms? I promise good behavior."

"Lower them," agreed the woman. "But remember the reward is for dead or alive, and be careful. I can shoot. I'll be ready in a minute or two. We'll get on horses and go to Mordaunt then."

Again the big brown man smiled. He took up the guitar as complacently as though nothing had happened, and resumed his apparently pleasurable occupation of amusing the child. In a clear, strong voice he began to sing "Darling Sue," a pathetic, sentimental song that was popular at that day. And he began with the last four lines:

"Flowers that she loved so well,  
Not the kind that townfolks sell,  
Just some little wild bluebells—  
I takes and lays 'em where my heart lies  
too . . . ."

It sounded queer, coming from the lips of a bad man. In the tones there was a depth of feeling that was surprising. Behind the singer Mrs. Jefferson clutched at her throat as though something therein choked her; she pressed a hand to her full round bosom to still its trembling. There was a throng of memories, memories sweeter than life and sadder than death, crowding into her heart. The dust—the dust of life! Then with a great sob she dropped her revolver and rushed to the side of the man she had disdained but a few minutes before. Down on her knees she went, with her hands clasped before her as she clasped them when she prayed in the silent hours to the Great Friend of lone and lonely women.

"I can't take you to Mordaunt, McKenzie!" she cried brokenly. "Forgive me for trying—I needed the reward money so much, and that is why I tried—"

"I wouldn't feel like that, ma'am," said the outlaw, seriously, laying a brown hand on her sun-bright hair much as though he were priest in the act of bestowing a blessing. "Honest, ma'am, I wouldn't feel like that!"

"Forgive me!" the widow cried again. "I wanted the reward so badly, or I wouldn't have tried it. I wanted to take my boy to the East, where there are schools; I could educate him there; I couldn't do it here. My husband's father cast him out when he married me, because I was an orphan and penniless; I can depend on nobody but myself."

John McKenzie rubbed his stubby chin thoughtfully. "What brought about the sudden change?"

"That song," quickly. "My husband used to sing it to me so much. He always called me 'Darling Sue.' My name is Sue—Sue Jefferson."

"Sue Jefferson," repeated McKenzie, with growing interest in his eyes. "Not a relative of Bowers Jefferson, the Ranger?"

"His wife." She rose from her knees. "He was killed five years ago today, McKenzie. Oh, he was killed five years ago today, when our baby was only a few months old—"

"Killed!" The outlaw also had risen. He stood there staring at the woman with pain in his eyes. "Bowers Jefferson dead five years? I wonder why I never heard about it! Ma'am, I owe my life twice to your man. I liked him better than anybody else in the world. I rode a Bar-Q horse in his territory for years, and he found me in a close place with rustlers twice; each time they'd fix me if it hadn't been for him. That was before—I went bad. If I ain't bad mistaken, I learned the 'Darlin' Sue' song from your husband."

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# By Solving the Food Problem American Women Will Do Their Share In Fighting the War to a Suc- cessful Finish

By Violet Marsh

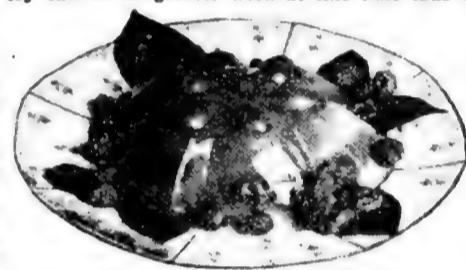
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**S**ETTING an example to the country in reducing their scale of living to the simplest possible form, Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President; Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President, and wives of cabinet members, have issued an appeal to all the women in America, to do all in their power in similar manner, both as individuals and organizations to conserve, and use the strictest economy in food stuffs, and thus prevent actual distress later on.

In addition to this, the women leaders in official life have decided to omit the usual formal entertaining and calling which have been the most important features in the social life of Washington, in order to be able to devote more time and money to constructive preparedness and relief work.

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, subscribed \$1,000 to the Red Cross fund, money earned by herself in singing in concerts, and is still giving concerts for this same purpose. Both Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson are personally attending to the management of the White House that the strictest economy may prevail.

Secretary Lane says: "The women of the country can do no greater work at this time than to

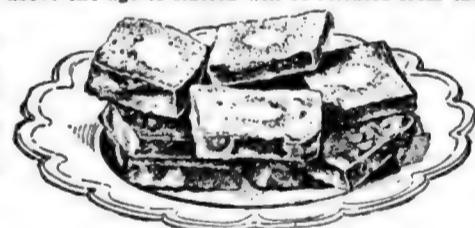


TAPIOCA JELLY.

raise their own vegetables, can their own fruit, prevent waste in their homes and give impulse and enthusiasm to the men of the land. If they do this they will be doing a good fifty per cent of the work of fighting the war to a finish. Secretary Lane would organize all the women in the United States into a "Lend a Hand Wilson League," whose business it would be to let the farmer know that his patriotism would be judged by the use he makes of his land, and himself see that the boys and girls serve in great maintenance corps of the nation by putting in their time feeding the chickens, canning surplus fruit and vegetables, and thus count themselves among the saviors of liberty and civilization, because the war has now come down to a matter of work and sacrifice.

City parks and unoccupied lots of land all over the country will this summer be planted, and to a large extent cared for by the boys and girls.

In some communities, each Boy Scout has pledged himself to raise vegetables sufficient to feed one soldier. In one city alone, 6,000 boys above the age of sixteen will be released from the



FRIED BREAD.

high school on April 17th, provided they take a pledge to work on farms, or enter some employment by which the food supply of the nation may be increased.

During the war, or so long as the war has to do with our supply of food, COMFORT housewives will be assisted in carrying out methods of food economy, whereby available materials may be used to the best possible advantage. Three well-balanced meals each day does not necessarily include meat, where nitrogenous materials such as eggs, milk, cheese, and beans or peas are used. Where fish can be obtained fresh and cheap, it should frequently be made the main dish of the meal. "Let not a scrap of food be wasted" should be the slogan of the American housewife, for no one can tell how long the war will last, or how long it will affect the supply of food for this nation.

## Economizing on the Meat Supply

There are three ways by which this may be accomplished: First, by cutting down the number of meat days. Second, by selecting cuts of meat according to food value. Third, by cooking so that no waste shall take place. The highest priced cuts of beef are the loin and ribs, containing from twenty to twenty-five per cent of fat, which, if not eaten at the table or otherwise utilized, makes a very costly meat dish. Pork chops contain thirty-two per cent of fat, and even when economically handled are neces-



BERRY WHIP.

sarily expensive. And thus it would follow that the cheaper cuts of meat must be resorted to in war time, and let it not be beneath the dignity of every woman to take this step of economy, and to further prevent waste by proper cooking and serving.

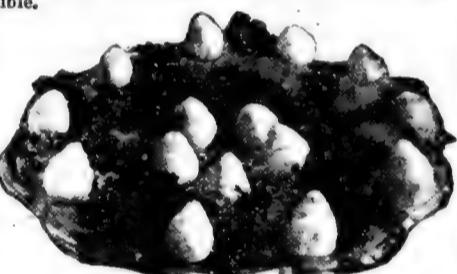
## How to Use Every Part of a Cut

Unless meat is to be boiled, remove all fat and bone. Try out the fat for frying and shortening purposes. Bones are used in stews and soups; cooked with split peas and bean soups, thus making a substitute for meat dishes. Ribs are removed with a small amount of meat left on, and cooked into braised ribs of beef so commonly served in first-class eating places. When meat is slowly simmered long enough to extract the fat, marrow and gelatine from the bones, there is no waste. Here the meat should be removed, the liquor left standing over night so that the fat can be removed in a cake and then the liquor used as a meat substitute by adding rice, vegetables or macaroni. When the meat is all lean, and cooked by boiling, first sear it, then add a little water, cover closely and bake slowly. This is called smothered meat.

The most important principle of boiling meat is, that it be kept at the simmering point, instead of boiling, for if it does boil, there is a loss of weight, due to evaporation; also a loss of flavor and the meat will be stringy. For this reason, many prefer the oven heat which can be kept low and even.

## Trying Out And Clarifying Fat

A double boiler is the best utensil for trying out fat, in order to avoid over-heating which injures the flavor and makes the fat less digestible.



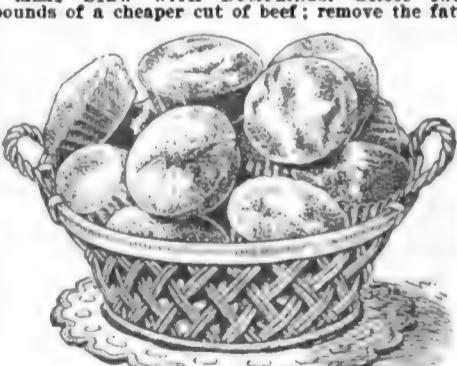
HOME-MADE CHEESE BALLS.

Fats are clarified best with a sliced raw potato. Put into fat and let stand on back of stove until potato is browned. To promote economy, set away the fat until raw potato peels are at hand, then use them in place of a good potato. Avoid burning the roast drippings that they may be clarified and profitably used. Sausage fat, and fat skimmed from vegetables add a good flavor to fried potatoes. Always fry cooked potatoes quickly and remove from fat, else they will be greasy. Wash, scrape, if necessary, and wipe all meats before cooking, that the trimmings may be used for soups and stews. The excess of fat from fowl should be removed before cooking, tried out, and used for pastry, cookies and gingerbread.

## Seven Inexpensive Meals of One Principal Dish to be Served with Bread and Butter and Dessert

### No. 1.

MEAT STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.—Select two pounds of a cheaper cut of beef; remove the fat,



RICE AND CORN MUFFINS.

using enough to try out and brown the meat in, which has been cut into small pieces. When well browned, cover with boiling water, bring to boiling point and simmer two hours, then add half a cup each of turnip and carrot cut into half-inch cubes, and one small onion sliced. Bring to boiling point again and cook one half hour; add three cups of potato cut fine and cook another half hour. During the cooking, add a sufficient quantity of boiling water to keep vegetables covered. Thicken with two tablespoons of flour stirred up with cold water. Season with salt and pepper.

DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of sifted flour mixed with four teaspoons of baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Work in two teaspoons of hard beef fat. Stir in two thirds cup of milk, or a little more if flour swells considerably. The best way to cook dumplings is drop them from a spoon onto a buttered steamer set over a kettle of boiling water; or they may be laid onto the vegetables. Steam twelve minutes without lifting the cover. Serve with stew.

STEAMED PRUNES.—Soak in cold water until they will rinse clean. Put into a steamer over a kettle of boiling water and cook until well puffed. Remove from steamer and roll in sugar. Put into a glass dish, cover with whipped cream, and

serve with thin slices of buttered bread.—See illustrated heading.

### No. 2.

ROAST PORK WITH COWPEAS.—Select a leg of young pork which is nourishing and not high priced. Wash and scrape well. Make a deep cut in the knuckle, and put in a little sage, salt and pepper. Roast very slowly one hour, then with a sharp knife, make slashes just through the outer rind around and lengthwise that the fat may try out. Cook half an hour longer and drain off the fat. Have parboiled and partly cooked, one quart of cowpeas, and add to the pork. Finish cooking slowly until meat is brown and peas tender. Sprinkle with salt fifteen minutes before done.

CORN-MEAL BREAD.—Two cups of corn-meal, half a cup of wheat flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon of salt, and two tablespoons of sugar mixed together. Add six tablespoons of sweet or sour cream, and sweet milk enough to make a soft batter—about one and a quarter cups. Bake in shallow pans about half an inch thick, in a fairly hot oven until a rich brown. If cream is not obtainable, use two tablespoons of softened butter.

APPLE FLUFF.—Cut three large tart apples into quarters, but do not peel or core; put into an earthen baking dish with quarter of a cup of water and bake in a hot oven until soft. Rub quickly through a wire sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, add one cup of powdered sugar and beat again; add sifted apple and beat until very fluffy. Fill tall glasses, and garnish with a little whipped cream and a cube of jelly.

### No. 3.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON WITH PEAS AND CEREAL CAKES.—Select two pounds of the neck and cut into small pieces. In a stew pan on the back of stove, put one tablespoon of flour and when it bubbles add one tablespoon of flour and lightly brown. Add one medium-sized onion and one carrot cut in small pieces and stir until very hot. Remove vegetables and put the mutton into sauce pan, stirring until meat is well seared. Return vegetables and cover meat and vegetables with three cups of boiling water; add one teaspoon of salt, one saltspoon of white pepper, one whole clove, one half bay leaf and two sprigs of parsley. Cover tightly and slowly simmer two hours. Drain one can of peas and add five minutes before serving.

CEREAL CAKES.—To each cup of cold boiled rice or left-over breakfast cereal, add two tablespoons of flour, one beaten egg, a little grated lemon rind, salt, cayenne pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. Make thin cakes, and fry brown in salt pork fat. Serve with butter.

BERRY WHIP.—Crush one pint of berries; add sugar and lemon juice to flavor. Beat whites of two eggs until stiff and add a pinch of salt; continue beating, gradually adding the crushed berry mixture. Put into a shallow glass dish, cover one white of egg beaten stiff and sweetened, and whole berries. Serve at once.

### No. 4.

MEAT, POTATO AND TOMATO PIE.—This dish offers an excellent way of using left-over meats; mutton and beef, with the addition of a little ham for flavor. Use a deep earthen baking dish, and in the bottom put a layer of sliced fresh tomato, or drained canned tomato, then a layer of thinly sliced meat. Dredge with flour, pepper and salt, and cover with a layer of thinly sliced raw potato. Repeat until dish is three quarters full, and then cover with a layer of pastry. Put into a hot oven, reducing the heat after the first ten minutes, and bake one hour.

FRIED BREAD.—Cut a loaf of stale bread into inch thick slices and remove crust. Beat together one egg, two tablespoons of sugar, and one and one quarter cups of milk, and stir over the fire until it thickens slightly, but does not boil. Dip slices of bread into this until well soaked, and fry a golden brown in hot fat. Sprinkle with a pinch of cinnamon mixed with a tablespoon of sugar and serve while hot with cheese balls.

CHEESE BALLS.—Wet a cheese-cloth in salted water, and put it over a wire sieve. Pour thick sour milk into this, cover and drain until firm. Salt, and shape into balls. Many prefer putting the milk into a bag and hanging it in the sun until firm.

### No. 5.

STUFFED HEART.—Beef heart can be bought at a low price and makes a very palatable dish if properly cooked. Wash the heart inside and out and wipe dry. Dip one cup of diced bread in beef fat and brown; add one small chopped onion and season with salt and pepper. Fill the heart with bread mixture and sew up the opening. Put the heart into a dish that is deep but not too large over, and just cover with boiling water. After it begins to boil, set in the oven and cook slowly two hours tightly covered. Remove, dredge with flour, pepper and salt, a little brown sugar and pinch of clove, and bake brown. In the same baking pan, put boiled potatoes cut in quarters and dipped in beef drippings, and brown. Serve heart surrounded with potato on same platter.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Wash one third of a cup of pearl tapioca and drain. Put into a double boiler and add two and one half cups of cold water; cook until tapioca is dissolved. Add a pinch of salt, two tablespoons of lemon juice and three heaping tablespoons of sugar. Turn into a mould and set over night to harden. Turn out on a plate and garnish with fresh berries.

### No. 6.

SALT PORK WITH MILK GRAVY AND POTATO.—Cut salt pork into thin slices, and if very salt, cover with hot water and let stand five minutes. Fry slowly until a golden brown, first cutting through the rind so the slices will not curl. Remove the fried pork to a hot dish, and drain off part of the fat to be used for other purposes. The gravy is made by slowly adding dry flour to the hot fat, two tablespoons of flour and two of fat to each cup of scalded milk, which is added after flour and fat has cooked together three minutes, then cool all together very slowly five minutes longer. Have ready potatoes prepared as follows: Peel and stand in cold salted water half an hour. Barely cover with boiling water, or put into a steamer and cook until tender. Drain and shake kettle on hot cover until potatoes are dry. Cut in quarters, put on a deep serving platter, pour over the gravy and make a border of the fried slices of pork.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Pare and core tart apples. Make fairly rich pastry and roll thin. Cut in squares large enough to cover apple. Wet square of crust, place apple in center, filling cavity with sugar, a pinch of cinnamon and small piece of butter. Fold over the crust, pinching edges so the juice will not run out. Put into a hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce heat and bake forty minutes.

SAUCE.—Mix two teaspoons of corn-starch with one cup of sugar and add to two cups of boiling water. Simmer twenty-five minutes and add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and two even tablespoons of butter. Serve hot with dumplings.

### No. 7.

MEAT, POTATO AND EGGS COMBINED.—A savory and nourishing dinner can be made from leftovers with or without the addition of the eggs. Combine left-over scraps of meat, or corn beef by itself. Sausage meat combines well with all other kinds, also bacon or ham. Chop cold boiled potatoes and add left-over onions or carrots if on hand. Flavor according to the taste of the family. Moisten with a little milk, cream or fat. Add one part chopped meat to three of vegetable. Put into a baking dish, cover close and bake in hot oven twenty minutes. Have ready slices of oven toast made from brown or white bread. On each slice put a portion of the hash, and on top of this a poached egg.

RICE AND CORN MUFFINS.—Mix into one cup of corn-meal one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder. Work in one cup of cold boiled rice until fine. Add one

## Timely Talk on a Vital Subject



**Wife:** "If we must cut down expenses, why not drop your life insurance?"

**Husband:** "Not much. That's your insurance, not mine. And I'm going to take out another Postal Policy, too—while I can get it. You and the kiddie may be glad some day."

**Wife:** (Thoughtfully): "I guess you're right at that, James."

## Put life insurance in your family budget — and keep it there

Whether confronted by war or peace the real husband always makes a liberal allowance for life insurance whether his wife wants him to or not; but the sensible woman does want him to. And they both want the most protection possible for their money, and therefore turn to the

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W.M. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

egg well beaten, one quarter of a cup of milk and two tablespoons of melted butter. Beat thoroughly, pour into hot greased gem pans and bake thirty minutes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Two cups of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and half a teaspoon of soda mixed together. Rub in one quarter of a cup of butter. Beat one egg, and add to it one scant cup of milk, then stir into the dry materials. Bake in round shallow tins until golden brown. Mash berries and sweeten while cake is baking. Split cake and butter, and fill with berries and pour berries over the top. Or, if more crust is desired, bake in two thin cakes, putting berries between buttered crusts, and pour over top.

## Begin Canning Now and Put Up an Ample Store of Canned Fruit and Vegetables

COMFORT's oft repeated advice to can a liberal supply of all kinds of fruits, berries and vegetables applies now with greater force than ever before. Canned goods are scarce and high priced, and it is predicted that fall prices will range higher because of advance in wages and the scarcity and high price of tin. In the cities the housewives have taken alarm and are buying heavily.

It behooves every family, and especially those on the farms, to begin early and can as large a quantity as possible of each kind of native fruit, berries and fresh vegetables as they come in season for the purpose not only of reducing the cost of living by providing a liberal supply for the home table but in order also to have a surplus to sell. If neatly and carefully put up home-canned goods will find a ready market at good prices.

Besides canning put up preserves, jams, jellies, marmalades, pickles and ketchup.

If your supply of glass preserving jars and rubbers is not ample start at once to replenish it for the stocks in the stores are small and most likely will run short this season as there will be an unusually large demand for them. Save every bottle, jar and crock that can be used for preserves, jams, jellies or ketchup.

We hope our readers have kept the instructive series of articles on home canning with recipes which COSMORR printed during the spring and summer of last year.

Valuable bulletins on home canning and preserving can be had free by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

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# The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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(See Front Cover Illustration)

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DAPPERLINGS' MOONLIGHT PARTY.

"Dear Dapperling Friends: We send you this note  
By Pertwee, inviting you all  
To come to the banquet we give every year  
In our spacious assembly hall.

"Perhaps, if the weather is perfectly fine,  
And the moonlight sufficiently bright,  
Our tables we'll spread out of doors, on the lawn,  
Come early next Saturday night."

**T**HIS was the invitation the Dapperlings sent to their friends who lived miles away, the ones who had snared Chippie Chatter. Quillikin had spent hours in writing it, and felt so proud of it that the others didn't praise it as they would otherwise have done. He read it over to them all together, and then to each one alone.

"It's a great thing to be a poet," he said; "that second line of the second verse, now—'The moonlight sufficiently bright,' that's what you might call real poetry, that is!"

All the Dapperlings signed it, and Pertwee mounted his rabbit and started off happily on his long ride to deliver it.

Then the Dapperlings set to work to prepare for the party. They planned to make this one a little finer than any they had ever given.

Don't ask me what they had to eat. I couldn't remember the names of half their dishes, most of them things that only Dapperlings know how to cook, but of course they had raspberries and blueberries and such things that grew around near their hill.

It took a great deal of work to get things ready. The assembly hall and every house had to be cleaned and trimmed with flowers. Then there was all the cooking to do and berries to pick. Everybody had to help.

Pertwee was lucky to be the one to deliver the invitation. He knew this, and stayed all night with his friends instead of coming straight back, as he should have done.

Quillikin was usually one of the best helpers, but just now he was so filled with thoughts of the poem he meant to surprise them with after the banquet, that he wasn't much good at working. Why, Nattie found him leaning against the thistles, gazing up at the sky, and he didn't

**EXPLANATORY.**—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elf-like beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hill-side, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.

even know the thistles had been pricking him till she pulled three of the sharp spikes out of his left ear, where they had stuck fast.

As for Nattie, she ran here and there at everyone's call, until she was so tired she could hardly climb into her little bed at night.

When Saturday night came, the Dapperlings were ready early, all dressed in their best, waiting for their friends. Nattie was gay in a ruffly little gown that looked as if it might have been cut from a pink sunset cloud.

Quillikin, in a fine new suit of crimson and violet, looked very grand.

"There's going to be a big surprise tonight," he told the others, but when they questioned him, he would only shake his head and answer, "Wait and see! I don't tell all I know."

"Hawk!" said old Shandle-Spinx, who had been listening, with his ear pressed to the ground. "I can hear them. They will be here in exactly two minutes."

Then they all heard a quick patter of little paws, and soon a crowd of rabbits, with their riders, appeared at the top of the hill.

It was the loveliest kind of a night, with the moonlight bright and beautiful.

Of course the guests had to be taken through all the houses and into the assembly hall, else what would have been the use of all the work that had been done, decorating so finely?

In the assembly hall they talked politely for a while, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, but the real fun of the evening was out of doors, where they played games, and had a merry time.

After the lively games, they began to think of supper. Long tables were brought out, covered with silvery cloths, fine and thin as spiders' webs, and all the tempting things for the banquet spread out. The Dapperlings were glad enough to gather about and begin the feast.

Quillikin ate little. His mind was filled with his poem, and often his hand slipped into his pocket, to touch lovingly the paper it was written on.

Feasting so happily, with laughter and merriment, little did those Dapperlings think what was coming! And so suddenly it came, there was not a moment's time to prepare for it.

To be sure, old Shandle-Spinx, who had the sharpest of ears, had heard, off in the distance, sounds something like this:

"Wow! gr-r-r! wow!"  
"S-s-s-phitt! phitt! phitt!"  
"Yip! yip! gr-r-r! wow!"

But he had thought little of it. Afterwards, he blamed himself for not noticing it more.

Well, the first thing the others knew, there was a sudden rush from out the moonlit space—a long, yellow streak dashed among them, overturning tables, breaking dishes, upsetting Dapperlings—old Cattie Puss, her ears laid back, her tail a dozen times its usual size! Frightened—I should say so—both Cattie Puss and the Dapperlings!

And after the yellow streak, hard at its heels, chasing for dear life, was, what do you think? A shaggy, long-eared puppy dog, his red tongue hanging from his mouth, his short legs frantically trying to reach poor, flying Cattie Puss.

I haven't told you before, but the children's father had bought the puppy dog for them to play with. Pittysing and Simmie-Sammie loved him, but Cattie Puss didn't!

Cattie Puss didn't stop to see what damage she had done. Perhaps she never noticed the Dapperlings and their banquet at all. She ran straight on—I'm sure I don't know how far!

But the puppy dog stopped. He had found something that interested him more. How his red tongue lapped up those good things the poor little Dapperlings had cooked!

The Dapperlings picked themselves up, and ran to get out of the way of that dreadful black and white monster, leaving what was left of their overturned feast. Oh, such an ending to the party!

"But never mind," they said. "We'll have another party soon, and have it in the assembly hall, where we'll be perfectly safe!"

You see, they were sensible little people, and knew it was just as easy to be happy as unhappy, and much, much pleasanter.

Their visitors couldn't go home that night for when Cattie Puss and the puppy dog came, their rabbits had run off home, every single one.

Old Shandle-Spinx took Quillikin off by himself, and said to him sternly, "Now, sir, tell me about this matter! Did you, or did you not, know that cat and dog were coming to spoil the party? You said there'd be a big surprise!"

"I did NOT know it!" answered Quillikin in his loftiest manner. "I had written the finest poem in the world to read tonight after the banquet. But now, since you are so unjust and unkind to me, I shall burn the poem, and no one will ever see it! Yes, I will burn it, though you should go down on your knees and beg me not to!"

Next morning the puppy dog was playing with something under the kitchen table. Pittysing made a dash for him.

"What you got now?" she demanded, dropping down on her knees beside him. For the puppy dog had a bad habit of chewing up small articles he found lying around, such as picture books, building blocks, and other toys. And though Pittysing loved him, she didn't like to have her treasures chewed up.

She snatched up the thing the puppy was playing with, just as Simmie-Sammie came into the kitchen.

"Well, WHAT do you know about that?" she asked, holding it out for Simmie-Sammie to see. "Where did it come from? It doesn't belong to Sarah-Grace-Josephine!"

It was soiled, and the puppy dog had nearly spoiled it by chewing, but the Smallest Dapperling of All would have known it for the little pink slipper she had lost off one foot the night before, when she ran to get out of the way of that dreadful black and white monster.

The Dapperling story next month will tell about the Yellow Sleeping Beauty and magic music of the toy plane. Don't miss it in July COMFORT.

## Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

I was to take the young ladies to the farm in the fly, because you would rather like, she thought, to drive up in the cart."

Nerine nodded. Solitude even after a short journey in the company of energetic persons like Joan and May would be pleasanter than having her legs kicked in the close quarters of the village fly, and she rejoiced still more at Lady Belton's forethought when she found herself, ten minutes later, driving through the sweet spring air behind the fat horses of Joan's acquaintance.

It was a hilly village, and not very remarkable, but as they mounted the first high ground they looked down on the wide, wide sea, all flushed into pink and pearl by the setting sun.

The girl gasped with pleasure. Here was another thing she had never seen; she would have liked to stop the cart and gaze and gaze her fill.

"Can you see the sea from the farmhouse?" she asked the boy who was driving. "Oh, yes, miss! It's only a few fields off," he said stoutly, and the girl sat bolt upright, with wide eyes and nostrils eager for the sweet salt air.

The pink was gone from the sky when they reached the farmhouse, but the glow of a wide fireplace filled all the comfortable sitting-room into which a stout damsel showed Nerine. There were daffodils in a bowl on the table, and a window seat under a low, long window, which promises to look in broad daylight over a garden and fields to the sea.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Miss Lispennard. "I'm glad I didn't go home to Mr. Mayne. But I wish Agatha were here! What walks we could take!" Banishing the uncomfortable thought that Agatha could take walks with another companion now—a companion evidently more appreciated than her faithful twin.

She turned from her inspection as the children arrived, and the comely dame of the house came out to welcome them. They had stayed at the farm twice before, and were welcome visitors. Now they greeted each other and every inmate with effusion and then demanded tea at once.

"Eggs and honey, Mrs. Palmer," May said, automatically. "This is Miss Lispennard. Mother says you are to make her comfortable."

Nerine laughed as she was led by Joan into the best bedroom, where a fire burned, and two candles gave a dim light. It was all so quaint and clean, with a smell of lavender.

They had tea in the sitting-room. May doing the honors of the honey and clotted cream, while Nerine made the tea and Joan talked unceasingly. But at eight o'clock the nurse carried the children off to bed, and the room was strangely quiet without their cheerful voices. From over the sloping ceiling came the heavy sound of the ground swell, an eerie sound to unaccustomed ears. Nerine surveyed her comfortable surroundings, pulled her chair closer to the fire, and put the lamp on a table beside it. The evenings were evidently going to be very dull. By and by, when she knew the farm people better, she could go and talk to them, but tonight she would be only an unwelcome stranger if she made her way to Mrs. Palmer's abiding place. She must read till she was sleepy, and then go to bed.

There were no books about her sitting-room—that could be seen at a glance—and she had finished her novel in the train. She must go upstairs and unpack the store Lady Belton had given her.

"I do believe I am lonely," she thought as she energetically pulled at the straps of her trunk. "It is horrid without Agatha." Lifting out, without looking at them, a pile of books, she returned with some haste to the sitting room, where she deposited them on the table with an ungrateful bump.

"If I've read you all, how cross I shall be!" and she began to turn them over. Among them was the diary she had taken from her step-father's room. She had been afraid to leave it at Lispennard House, lest Mr. Mayne might be tempted to rummage among her possessions, as she had done among his.

Nerine took up the diary and made a long, careful attempt to open it, but it was not to be done. She could not even rip it up the back with a knife, for it had strong silver clamps which defied anything but a hammer and chisel.

"Oh, if I could only get it open!" she said,

## I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A COWARD

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neill

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War's shadows o'er our land may fall,  
And enemies assail us;  
Our flag shall float above it all,  
Our sons shall never fail us!  
We seek no war on land or sea,  
But cherish still our liberty!  
We have no hateful battle-cry,  
But for our homes we'll fight and die!

I didn't raise my boy to be a coward!  
I brought him up in truth and bravery!  
When duty calls, his voice shall answer clearly,  
His mind and soul shall know no slavery!  
America shall still be free,  
To tyrants never bend the knee;  
His country's proud defender he,  
A true and valiant soldier!

What though no drop of blood were shed,  
No bond of love were sundered,  
If truth and liberty were dead,  
Where once their voices thundered!  
My boy is mine! But I and he,  
Freeborn, must still unfettered be!  
Our gallant sons, with shining swords,  
Defend our shores from foreign hordes!

I didn't raise my boy to be a coward,  
To dread the bugle-call or martial drumming.  
When duty calls, his voice shall answer clearly,  
"I hear thee, O my country! I am coming!"  
America shall still be free,  
To tyrants never bend the knee;  
His country's proud defender he,  
A true and valiant soldier!

The above is a patriotic reply to the caitiff wall entitled "I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." If this land is to hold its heritage of freedom every boy must be raised to be a soldier when called to the defense of the country.—Editor.

it and Agatha, and with a hot blush of shame-forget Satterlee. She turned up the lamp and opened a novel at random from the pile; she read at first with determination and no interest, but by degrees she forgot everything but the book in her hand. It was a romance of adventure, and it led her with a magic power out and away into a strange world; it was not until her lamp began to burn dim that she lighted her candle and went sleepily up the creaking stairs. After all, the first evening had not been so bad.

"Are you going to have lessons every day? Mother said you were."

Joan's voice sounded anxious as she looked up with a sigh from her finished breakfast, fixing her big eyes on Nerine.

Miss Lispennard came back with a start from an unprofitable journey into the past.

"Every day," she said mischievously.

Dead silence. Four wistful eyes looked from her face out of the low window across the field, green with baby grass, and out to the morning sea.

"Every day—after today, that is." She laughed sweetly at the downcast faces. "Today we are going to have a holiday, and do nothing but play. All of us."

"There, May! Who was right?" Joan cried joyfully. "I told you she had more sense than Miss Bruce." And with a united rush of white pinnafores and black legs the two flew out of the room to get their things on. The spring air was refreshing to Nerine as she went down through the fields with the children; she took a hand of each, and they began to run down the long slope to the sea. How still and blue it lay, with such little ripples; only where it broke on the beach in a long, sleepy surge, was there a wave at all. And what bracing air came of it! How sweet, how keen! Like a child herself, Nerine raced along the sands with her laughing, shrieking companions; danced on the very edge of the incoming wave till she had to run backward or let the clear, quick water come over her ankles; sat in the hot sun in the warm dry sand higher up, and built houses—with a watchful eye on Tommy, whose wicked little head stuck out of Joan's pocket.

It was lunch time before they knew it, and nurse had to call and wave frantically from the top of the field before any of them saw her.

In the afternoon they walked miles along the hard sand, point after point opening out before them, and by the time they got home to tell the elder girl was most beautifully and serenely fatigued.

There was no need to read late that night; even the most charming novel could not keep Nerine's eyes open after nine o'clock. She was so sleepy that she forgot all about her mother's diary, and so it came to slip her mind for days.

There was a letter from Lady Belton every morning after that, with accounts of the invalids; that was the only event.

The children did a virtuous two hours of sun and spelling every morning, and scoured the country with their adored cousin for the rest of the day. The fresh air and exercise had brought sweet roses into Nerine's cheeks, and by the end of the first week, as she walked briskly along the sands one afternoon, she felt like a new person. She could read Agatha's letters without a pang, even calmly accept those messages of brotherly regard from Lord Satterlee which devoured every one of them.

They were going in a new direction this particular afternoon, and the children skipped along joyfully. As they rounded a rocky point the sea came out on a beautiful curved stretch of smooth hard sand; far over, moving quickly, was a black object, and the three stood gazing.

"It's some one riding," Nerine said. "What fun it must be to gallop on sand!"

May's eye kindled. Why had she not brought one of the donkeys?

"It's a man, and he's coming over here," she said, dancing with excitement. "Oh, isn't it pretty to watch!"

"Climb up on this rock, out of the way," Miss Lispennard remarked with prudence, not being anxious to return either of her charges to bad repair. "Hurry."

The horse was coming like a whirlwind, the sun glancing on his bright chestnut coat. Joan gave a wild shriek.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

# SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

**'We said this LAST YEAR—  
We say it again**

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

## American Sugar Refining Company

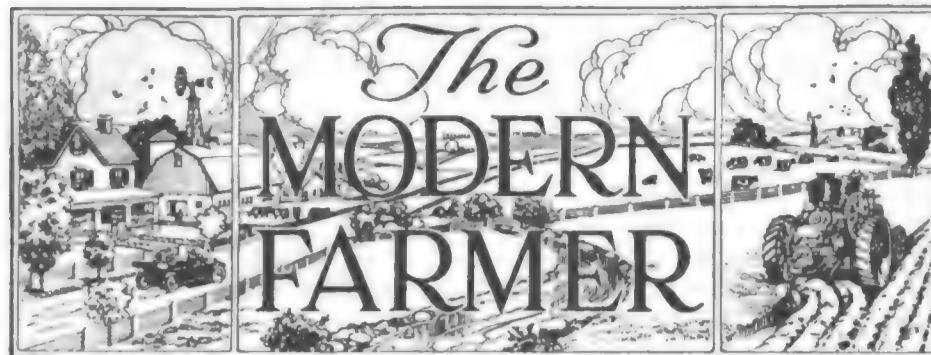


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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

### Vegetables That May Be Planted in June

**M**OST people prefer to plant their gardens as early in the spring as the ground can be worked and the danger from frost is past. This is usually a good rule, but this year prices are high and the demand for food is so great that it is well to know about crops that can be planted late and satisfactory results be obtained.

**PLANT STAPLE CROPS.**—More emphasis than ever before should be placed on staple crops, or those that can be stored, dried or canned or otherwise preserved for winter and spring use.

Both wax and navy beans may be planted in June in the Northern states. Wax beans may be pickled or canned or even dried, and navy beans are always a staple food, though late beans run some risk of being hit by early frosts. Cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi and cucumbers can all be planted in June. Good crops of peas may be harvested if planted during this month.

Corn for both drying and canning, as well as for use as green corn, is a safe crop if planted in June.

Beets, carrots, turnips, rutabagas and parsnips all do well if planted in June, and all can be easily stored in a pit or a cool cellar.

June planted potatoes often make a good crop though this year the seed is very hard to get and the price is exceedingly high.

Pumpkins, too, will mature if planted in June and may be preserved in several ways. Dried pumpkin makes excellent pies.

### Root Crops for Cows

There is certain to be need of a good supply of root crops this winter since the wheat crop is short and much of the corn and barley will need to be used for human food on account of the war. Bran will be high priced and hard to get and other grains will stay up if wheat is high. Root crops can be planted late and make excellent substitutes for grain feeds, especially corn silage. Sugar beets and carrots are best, carrots for horses, sugar beets for cows.

Beets may be planted as late as June in the Northern states and make a perfect crop. Carrots do well if planted in June and are greatly relished by both horses and cows.

**WILL THEY TAINT THE MILK?**—No, if fed after milking neither of these crops will affect the flavor of the milk. It has often been observed that roots, pumpkins and cabbage fed to cows out in the open yard seldom taint the milk, but if fed in the barn where the air does not circulate freely give a bad flavor to the milk. There is a volatile oil in root crops that escapes into the air and is absorbed by the milk. This is said to be the reason why milk becomes tainted when these crops are fed. If, then, we wait to cut and feed the roots until after the milk is drawn and taken from the barn, there is little trouble from taint.

Some plants contain a stronger odor than others, cabbage and turnips being more difficult to feed than beets and carrots on account of the taint. If fed after milking root crops make an excellent feed for milk cows.

For root crops you should plow deep, the deeper the better. The roots must grow down into the soil and should have a loose, mellow ground in which to grow; otherwise they penetrate to the bottom of the furrow, strike the hard subsoil and split up into many branches. This gives a poor shaped root and prevents a full growth and a heavy crop.

### Beans the Army Ration

Never before has the price of beans for food been so high; never before has the prospect for a strong market been so great. Forty million of men are under arms in Europe. This vast army must be fed. Our own country is mobilizing its troops. Beans are one of the standard army rations and beans are certain to be in large demand; hence the price will continue high.

**WHY RAISE BEANS?**—Beans are a good crop to grow for several reasons. In the first place they enrich the land, that is they belong to the legume family, all of which have the power of taking nitrogen from the air and adding it to the soil.

In the next place beans grow well on poor soil. The old saying "too poor to grow white beans" indicates that beans will grow on land so poor that it will not produce a crop of anything else. This is literally true, and is due to the fact that beans have the power of using the nitrogen of the air.

In the third place beans are easily grown, cultivated, harvested and stored. They can be kept for years without loss if properly cared for. They have a large amount of good matter in relatively small bulk, hence can be shipped long distances, like wheat, to good advantage.

**HOW TO RAISE BEANS.**—Beans do well on sandy land but can be grown on any soil. It requires from a peck to a half bushel of navy bean seed to plant an acre, depending on the size of the beans and the distance rows and plants are placed apart.

The ground should be prepared in the usual way as for corn and the beans planted in rows two and a half to three feet apart in the row. They should never be cultivated while the dew is on or while wet with rain as this often injures the leaves and spreads disease from plant to plant if any are present in the field. Early June is the best time for planting in the Northern states.

They should be cultivated shallow as their roots lie very near to the surface. The weeds should be kept down and the cultivator should be run through about four or five times during the season.

**HOW TO HARVEST AND STORE.**—At harvest time beans may be pulled and stacked in small stacks around a pole. In large fields a bean harvester is used which cuts off the stems of the bean and leaves them in windrows which are dried thoroughly and hauled to the barn, or stacked outside and covered with a tarpaulin to keep out the rain. They are threshed out with a bean thresher or with an ordinary threshing machine from which the concave has been removed. They are stored in shallow bins like wheat. The only care which need be taken is to see that the seed is perfectly dry.

Beans ordinarily yield from ten to twenty bushels per acre, which at the present prices

means a pretty penny from an acre of cheap ground.

### Sanfoin and Serradella Seed

We have had numerous inquiries from subscribers asking where to get the seed of sanfoin and serradella. We are told that they could not get them from seed houses. The real truth back of this is the fact that these seeds come largely from abroad, the war has cut off importation and the supply available for use in this country is now practically exhausted.

### Seed for Root Crops

This is also true of the seeds of root crops. Since the importation of European seeds has been cut off we find a striking shortage in the seeds of root crops on the market. Sugar beet seed is so hard to get that there may not be enough available to plant the usual acreage. This will mean a reduction in yield and a further increase in the price of sugar already too high.

**SEED FOR LATE PLANTED CROPS.**—It is usual to plants turnips and rutabagas late in June or July, often later, with turnips, since they are a quick-growing crop maturing in six to eight weeks from planting.

Rutabagas are often planted on new cleared land at any odd time in June after the rush of regular spring planting is over. Those who expect to plant any of these crops should procure seeds without delay as the supply is exceedingly short and may be exhausted by the time that this appears in print.

The lesson we should learn from this year's experience is apparent. This country should grow its own seed or another year the situation will be worse than it is this year. Since all root crops are biennials, that is they take two years to grow seed, the only way we can get a crop of seed this year is to save with the greatest of care all seeds that may be produced from roots already in the ground.

### Sheep and Lambs in Hot Weather

Shearing should be done early as a heavy fleece of wool makes the sheep terribly uncomfortable and it should be remembered that ticks migrate from the ewes to the lambs at shearing time. If lambs are to be comfortable in hot weather, it is necessary to dip them shortly after shearing the ewes and to repeat the dipping, if an examination shows that either the adult sheep or the lambs are infested with ticks, or if scratching and rubbing show that some cause of irritation is present. If ticks are not present, lice may be found, or in the most severe cases, scab which is caused by parasitic mite and terribly annoying and injurious to sheep. The disease also is so contagious that an affected sheep will soon spread it to every sheep in the flock and the affected animals will not thrive in summer or at any other season of the year. To make lambs comfortable in hot weather it also is necessary to keep their hind parts clean. To that end they should have been docked closely at castration time, or shortly afterward and then the long wool should be kept clipped to prevent fouling with discharges from the bowels and consequent "blowing" by flies and formation of maggots which burrow and cause torture and lack of thrift. Long-tailed lambs are an abomination on this account. They will be sure to scour more or less on grass or other green feed so that fouling and maggot formation can scarcely be avoided. Such lambs also present a poor appearance when sent to market and will be "docked" on that account by the buyer.

Worms of any kind also are a source of discomfort in summer-time and sheep and lambs, therefore, should be protected against them so far as possible. Allowing access to rock salt will help and it is even better to allow them a mixture of one part of powdered tobacco leaves and two parts of salt as a preventive lick. If any lambs or sheep become infested with worms, gasoline should be administered and generous feeding practised. One tablespoonful of gasoline is the average dose. Old sheep take more and young lambs take less. Give it shaken up in four to six ounces of new milk, adding an ounce of raw linseed oil. Great care must be taken not to choke the sheep or lamb when administering this medicine. Give it slowly through a piece of rubber hose fitted upon the neck of a bottle, the sheep to be held firmly upon all fours, not set on its rump as so many have advised. The dose may be repeated two or three times at intervals of 24 to 48 hours according to the severity of the symptoms and the judgment of the shepherd. In conclusion it should be advised that sheep and lambs should be sheltered at night in a clean, airy corral fenced securely against dogs which are a serious menace in most localities, while on the range large bands of sheep will, of course, be well guarded against coyotes.

### Pigs in Summer

The most common cause of ill-thrift among young pigs in summer and fall is the presence of lung worms (*Strongylus paradoxus*) in the air passages of the lungs. The affected pigs have a spasmodic, croaky cough and are so distressed thereby and by the failure of the lungs to properly perform their function that the animals fail to thrive, indicated by hard, dry coats, drooping tails and pot bellied condition. There is no satisfactory treatment of this disease so that prevention is the all-important consideration.

The eggs of lung worms are taken in by pigs grazing in old, contaminated pastures, long used by adult swine, which carry the worms through the winter and in spring taint the grass. The old hogs manage to withstand the ill-effects of the worms, showing merely a hacking cough but no appreciable loss of flesh. Young pigs, on the contrary, are very severely affected and may die of pneumonia or prove so thrifless that they are destroyed by the owner. The worms also are derived from filthy feeding troughs and drinking water and apart from this are most likely to be contracted upon low, wet land.

Pigs, as well as other young animals, should not be turned out on old pasture in spring and summer and as far as possible should have clean, sanitary quarters and eating and drinking places. It also should be remembered that worms of all kinds most injuriously affect the pigs that are weak and thrifless to start with. They "add insult to injury," as it were, and the combination kills or prevents profit. It is all-important, therefore,

to keep young pigs growing fast and without check. If this can be managed, the worms may not gain the ascendency, but it is, of course, best, if possible, to keep the pigs growing and also free from worms.

Milk is imperative as a feed for all young animals. It has been found, too, that an all grain, or meal of grain, ration is not complete for any growing animal. Milk is needed as a factor for balancing the ration, especially the butter fat of the milk, and to eke out the lack of such fat the leaves as well as the grains of plants are necessary. Alfalfa better than any other feed replaces or serves the purpose of butter fat, and clover, the legumes and flaxseed meal are also useful. It is therefore well to not only provide clean quarters, milk diet, and grain or meals for pigs, but to allow them to pasture green Alfalfa, clover, or rape, etc., and when such green feed cannot be had, to feed them Alfalfa hay.

Pigs in summer also need shade and plenty of water. They dearly love a wallow, but it is better for their health to provide them with clean water for bathing purposes and to put some crude petroleum in the water to help keep down hog lice. Many pigs die each year from overheating, therefore, the necessity of shade and water, and one should be careful, too, not to overdrive hogs in hot weather, or to ship them to market in such weather without placing a heap of ice in the center of the car or arranging to wet the hogs now and then on the trip.

Lastly, it should be mentioned that dust from bedding or yards is very injurious to little pigs and may set up irritation similar to that caused by lung worms and even cause fatal pneumonia. This cause of trouble, therefore, should be eliminated.

### The Fly Nuisance

It should be remembered that the work horse is tormented by flies almost as much in the stables as out of it in hot weather. The fly that causes the annoyance in the stables is the little stinging black fly. This pest looks like a common house fly but the wings stand out almost at right angles from the body. It will not sting, if the stable is kept darkened and that should be done during fly time in summer. Gunny-sacking will serve the purpose, as it sufficiently excludes light and at the same time allows free circulation of air. It is best, of course, to screen both windows and doors with wire netting. Even if this is done, it is well to darken the stable as some flies are sure to get in and the sacking also subdues the sunlight which is trying to the eyes of horses. Keep the manure piles away from the doors and windows of the stable. They breed flies. Also get out of the bad habit of piling the soiled bedding under the manger to sweat and cause irritating gases.

When the horse has to work or pasture where flies are troublesome, furnish him with a fly net and also spray his unprotected parts with a commercial fly repellent. Often an unsprayed horse is quite bloody from fly biting on coming in at noon and night. The big green-headed fly does the mischief. To such bitten places apply a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia (hartshorn) in a cupful of water; or use a solution of one tablespoonful of granular hyposulphite of soda per quart. If any bite on animal or man swells and is painful, immediately swab it with tincture of iodine and repeat the application every 12 hours.

Horse flies which assemble in masses on the backs of pastured cattle cluster about the horns at night and under the belly in wet weather. It is a good plan to apply a mixture of fish oil and oil of tar behind the horns and also on the belly as well as using the fly repellent with a spray pump. Oil of citronella two parts, oil of cedar one part, and spirits of camphor three parts mixed together and applied with an atomizer is effective in protecting a person against mosquitoes, but is too expensive to use on stock.

It may be added that cheaply constructed fly traps should be used both inside of the stables and about the doors and also around the doors of the kitchen, milk houses and other buildings. They are easily constructed according to plans which can be seen in a bulletin on the subject published and supplied free by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### Pasture Not Always a Blessing

When, as often is the case, we see broad mares and their foals switching and pawing against a myriad of torturing flies in a corner of a bare, dusty, shadeless pasture in July or August, we conclude that such conditions are cruel, unnecessary and detrimental. Pasture containing grass is a fine place for the mare and her foal, for the cow and calf, ewe and lamb, or sow and pig, provided adequate shade and water are supplied and it is not too "bare bitten." In almost a majority of instances it would be better to keep the animals mentioned off pasture during the heat of the day and only allow them on it at night, or on cloudy days in the heated term of the year. The bare, permanent pasture is the poorest kind of place for lambs, calves and pigs on account of the danger of lung worms, to say nothing of the ill effects of heat and lack of nourishment.

It may be said, as truly, that the work horse derives little, if any, benefit from the scant pasture at such times. It is fine for him to be allowed to have a roll on grass at noon and a run and rest on it at night, but to turn him out on it, without adequate shade and water during the heat of the day is positive cruelty and also highly unprofitable. Indeed, it is thought best by many experienced farmers to keep their horses off pasture during the season of the year when they have to work hardest and at such times to feed oats, wheat bran, a little ear corn, and sound, old hay in preference to green grass. The latter keeps the horses soft and with bowels relaxed, whereas the dry feed maintains muscular condition. As soon as the hard work is over, however, it is well to turn the horses out to grass and that also is beneficial, if a horse has sore feet or any derangement of the digestive organs. The pasture is also the best place for idle horses and growing colts, if not overstocked, but producing sufficient feed and also provided with shade and abundant water.

### Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

That is a trite but true saying and we saw it well illustrated the other day. Men in a little country village had united and subscribed the money necessary to open a three foot ditch, with a new type of ditching plow pulled by eighteen horses, for the purpose of getting rid of the surface water which stood on the low ground around the village after every big rain. The outlet was a lake some two miles away and the farmers who owned the land on the outskirts of the village and right of way of the ditch subscribed their share for the improvement. They knew that the ditch would get rid of the surplus water on a part of their farms and provide an outlet or main drain into which they might later run laterals for the drying of many fields. They gladly paid their share of the expense and no doubt will find the investment a paying one. But one man refused to join with the others. He was the last farmer on the line of ditch and three hundred rods of ditch would have to be opened through his place to get rid of the water or connect with the lake. The cost of the ditch would be fifty cents a rod or \$150; but he would not pay that amount and so the ditch had to stop at the edge of his land and he will receive all of the water from the ditch in addition to that already on his low-lying farm. We suppose that he intends to open the remaining portion of the ditch "by hand," or employ some method that he thinks will cost less than the sum mentioned. If so he is making a sad mistake. He can never get the ditching crew, their big machine and eighteen horses, to come back for his little length of ditch. They would do the work now for \$150, but to return and make a new "set" would cost much more. The hard work will probably not be

## ROUGH ON RATS

"Always Does the Work and Does It Right"  
"DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE"  
Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice & Bugs  
Used the World Over. Used by U. S. Government  
It Can't Fail—It's All Exterminator  
Stop Fattening Rats, Mice & Bugs  
On your feed on Catch Penny rodent-use  
substitutes—where bulk is inert flour and grases.  
Why Trap Rats & Mice, One By One,  
while the whole bunch is here?—  
END THEM ALL TO-NIGHT with a box of ROUGH ON RATS  
The Recognized Standard For Half a Century  
At Drug & Country Stores.

done quickly or thoroughly, if at all. The penny wise pound foolish farmer will be "drowned out" and also will lessen the efficiency of the ditch for his neighbors. It would have been wise for him to chip in with the rest and reap the full benefits of the work. That is true in all such instances. It never pays a man to refuse to take part in a sane and necessary drainage proposition, or in a line fencing operation. Cooperation pays.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our former subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming:

### Questions and Answers

SEBRADELLA.—Kindly give all information, price, etc., on grass called sebrarella. Where can seed be obtained? What is the price, and how much should be sown per acre?

Mrs. M. K. Plover, Wis.

A.—Sebrarella is still in the experimental stage in the U. S. Very little has yet been published about this plant. Send to seedmen for their quotation on seed. Sow at the rate of 40 to 50 pounds per acre.

SERRADELLA.—Please tell me where to get sebrarella seed and how much to sow to the acre. Would it be a successful crop in Wisconsin?

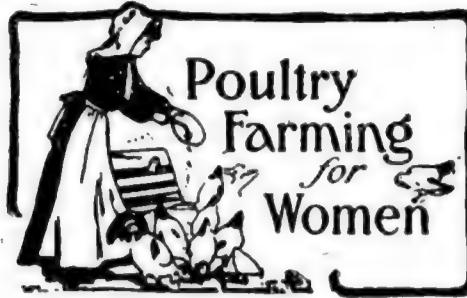
M. J. J. Larson, Wis.

A.—Get seed of nearest seedman. Sow at the rate of 40 or 50 lbs. per acre. Clover is a more satisfactory crop for your section.

SUGAR BEETS.—I wish to know whether sugar beets will grow in North Carolina. Where can I get the seed? What are they worth per pound? How much seed is required to plant an acre? Are they good feed for stock?

Miss D. C. Randleman, N. C.

A.—Successful sugar beet culture on a large scale depends upon the nearness to factory. There are no such factories in the South. Send to seedmen for seed. Beets this year are contracted for by the factories at from \$6.00 to \$7.00 per ton. Good soil produces 15 to 25 tons per acre. They are excellent food for stock, especially dairy cows. Try a small



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

### Forcing Chickens for Breeders and Layers

OME say, "don't force the chicks intended for breeders and layers," but I have found that chicks that are grown rapidly return the most money. We would not force the pullets to lay before they secure their growth by the use of stimulants, condiments and emmenagogues, but pullets that are grown quickly on a good healthy diet will mature their bodies before ripening their egg organs.

Pullets that are grown in the open air consume a larger amount of food and put it to a good use. The body will reach full development before she drops an egg. The ovary (the egg producing organ) is largely dependent on heat for its growth, and sometimes by keeping chicks long in heated brooders, close housing and feeding a stimulating, heat producing ration we can cause them to lay before the body has matured, and in that case the body will not mature to large size, or even full size for the breed. The ovary has ripened before the body has matured. Such pullets will never make good layers for any length of time, and their eggs are usually under size. It is probably because of having grown such pullets that writers have warned us not to force birds intended for breeders or layers.

When pullets are grown right—given room, airy coops at night, free range or large yard, and fed a wholesome ration, there is no danger of their developing too fast.

When chicks are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in an orchard or partly shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi-confinement of wards, as their ultimate fate is the frying pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four inches at the back. They are made of light scantling, the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily removed to fresh ground every week, and so kept clean with little trouble—an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop, so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside of the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain on to the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automobile escape, which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of beef scraps well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn, two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop about four p.m.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the car load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chicks.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters.

Pullets which have to be grown in confinement should have a well-littered coop of good size, and having large openings. That is, the greater portion of one side should be wire. The pullets should not be crowded nor should they be grown in large flocks. They should be fed practically the same as those on free range. They should have the dry mash before mentioned, grit, charcoal and shells, and be fed grain and green food. Where the green food is lettuce, lawn clippings or garden refuse, they should have two grain feeds a day, and this should be scattered in litter, not too deep. Where sprouted oats are used for greens, one feed a day of hard grain is sufficient.

Cockerels and old hens should not be allowed with growing pullets. Where cockerels are allowed to run with pullets neither will mature to full size. Too often we see cockerels and pullets allowed free range on the farm, and all allowed to mix together. Good stock cannot be grown in this manner, and the future egg yield of the flock will not be as large as it would be if more care were given the growing stock.

Cockerels intended for breeders should have every advantage that will tend to full and perfect development, and I prefer, when possible, to give them free range, isolated from hens and pullets. Next to free range comes large yards with well-littered, roomy coops or roosts out of doors. Good cockerels as I ever raised lived all summer in a large yard without a coop. Poles were set up in the shade of a large apple tree, and on these the cockerels roosted. In event of a storm they sought the protection of a tree. They were a hardy close feathered bunch, and stood the rigors of a severe winter in an open house with the utmost comfort. At best they should only have a roof to protect them from rain.

Hawks and crows often make life a burden to the poultryman in chicken time, where the growing chicks range. It is a good plan to erect poles about the chicken range, and run wire or strong twine zigzag from these, high enough to allow head room. From these lines suspend at frequent intervals strips of white and colored cloth, bright bits of tin and pieces of glass. This is the most effective crow and hawk scare we know of,

and it is well worth the expense and labor. Crows often become so bold that no other scarecrow will keep them from stealing young chicks, especially if bits of bright tin and glass are hung so that they will jingle in the breeze. Hawks generally come at the same time every day, so can easily be watched and shot.

Rats cause losses, and will frequently kill and hide a large number of chicks in a single night. Make the coop rat proof. Raise coops and boxes often, and kill any rats found beneath. A good rat dog is a great help. Traps are seldom effective, and poison is not safe in chicken time.

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his stock and poultry houses reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry plant free from lice there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves; the other, the houses, nest boxes, roosting boards, etc.

In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird, there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up a first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of the houses and nests of vermin, a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

A splendid lice powder may be made at a cost of only a few cents a pound in the following way: Take three parts of gasoline and one part of crude carbolic acid; mix these together and add gradually with stirring, enough plaster of Paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and the dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so that the liquid will be uniformly distributed through the mass of plaster. When enough plaster has been added, the resulting mixture should be a dry, pinkish brown powder, having a fairly strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasoline odor.

Do not use more plaster in mixing than is necessary to blot up the liquid. This powder is to be worked into the feathers of the birds affected with vermin. The bulk of the application should be in the fluff around the vent and on the ventral side of the body, and in the fluff under the wings. Its efficiency, which is greater than that of any other known to the writer, can be easily demonstrated by any one to his own satisfaction. Take a bird that is covered with lice and apply the powder in the manner just described. After the lapse of about a minute, shake the bird, loosening its feathers with the fingers at the same time, over a clean piece of paper. Dead and dying lice will drop on the paper in great numbers. Any one who will try this experiment will have no further doubt of the powerful efficiency and value of this powder.

For a spray or paint to be applied to roosting boards, nest boxes, or the walls and floor of the henhouses the following preparation is used: Three parts of kerosene and one part crude carbolic acid. This is stirred up when used, and may be applied with any of the hand spray pumps or with a brush.

In both of these formulas it is highly important that crude carbolic acid be used instead of the purified product. Be sure and insist to the druggist on getting crude carbolic acid. It is a dark brown, dirty looking liquid, and its value depends on the fact that it contains tar oil and tar bases in addition to the pure phenol (carbolic acid.)

So many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes and bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text in-



A GOOD MOTHER.

stead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brooder chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens—which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer, and a cold, damp spell strikes us late in the spring. The brooder must be warm and well ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at 95. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay, which is warm and soft for the little chicks to be on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under the hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with the hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for she is much more likely to brood them than when allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which cannot be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions, of course, chopped fine enough to be acceptable for little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food, when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, with a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gills, or droopy in any way.

As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about one sixteenth of an inch in length and like a thin thread. They lodge in the windpipe and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed to materialize only on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For this reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they have stood heavily dressed with lime and plowed in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not strength to eject them, no matter how much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is always difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt and water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes, pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up, and the two holes at the base of the bill covered with the thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But really, I think it is much better to make a practise to put the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is awfully difficult work.

Grain is likely to remain so high in price through the winter that every farmer must try to conserve every available home product. First among the food crops I count clover and corn; to be of the most value, clover should be cut early and cured in the cock, and not be allowed to become wet or sunburned. Clover rowen, or second crop, is no better than early cut hay, but that which has ripened its seed and been through the thrashing machine is little more nutritious than poor hay or straw.

Next among the grains I place millet and Kafir corn. The former is the most valuable for the midday feed, and also for small chicks. I prefer the new Japanese millet, which can be grown in any of the New England states, and if sown early will ripen a good crop of seed. It is not necessary to thrash grain; let it remain on the straw, and throw a forkful into the scratching pen each day. The straw makes good material for the hens to scratch in, keeps the house warm and fosters excercise.

Kafir corn is grown the same as Indian corn, and harvested in a similar manner. In feeding it the heads should be cut off and thrown into the scratching pen whole, and the stalks fed to the cow or horse. This corn is very similar to Indian corn in nutritive value, containing a trifle less of protein and fat. When harvested, Kafir corn can be bound in bundles and set up against the side of the poultry-house to cure if shelter cannot be provided for it. In this manner it serves the double purpose of food and a protection to the building.

Buckwheat should not be omitted from the list of grains. It can usually be grown on land from which another crop has been taken the same season. From the first to the eighth of July is about the right time to sow it. It is a good plan to feed this grain on the straw also, but a small crop can be threshed out very easily with the flail. Sunflowers should be planted in every by-place, also in the runs. If the plants are protected until they get a start, they will keep out of the reach of the poultry, and afford them shade during the hot summer days.

Some poultrymen highly recommend the Australian salt-bush, and from what I have seen of it I deem it a most valuable plant. Poultry of all kinds highly relish it, and it seems to be very nutritious. It is fed green, or cured as hay and cut up. It will remain green all winter, and will stand twenty degrees below zero. One pound of seed will plant an acre, which will produce from fifteen to twenty-five tons of green forage.

### Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

S. L. P.—There are several makes of corrugated boxes on the market, specially constructed for shipping eggs by parcel post. I think postage will be rather heavy from your state to New York. Better ask at your local post-office.

H. H.—The hen was naturally lazy, and acquired so much fat that it affected the egg organs. When hens develop an abnormal amount of fat in the intestines, it causes all manner of troubles. As you possibly know by cleaning fowls for the table, a hen who is laying or about to lay, has a large bunch of yolks, varying in size from a pinhead to a fully developed yolk, which lie near the backbone. As each yolk reaches its full size, it becomes detached from the bunch, and drops into a passage called the oviduct, and it is during its journey through that passage that it becomes enclosed in the white, and later the shell. When these parts are compressed by excessive fat in the intestines, all sorts of freaky conditions are apt to arise. In the case of your hen, the mouth of the oviduct must have been so weakened that it did not open to receive the yolk when it was detached, or retain the liquid which constitutes the white, and the lumps you found were a mixture of yolk and white, which had been held back and partly cooked by the heat of the body. It was probably the first of a new clutch of eggs, and if you had not killed the hen, she might have laid an egg which, on being opened, would have had the appearance of an old, rotten egg. But it is much more likely that the mass would have commenced to decompose in the bird's body, and caused a poisonous condition which would have killed her, or in the effort to lay, she might have broken a blood vessel in the brain, and have been found dead on the nest. Killing her just when you did, there had been no time for the mass to commence to rot, and the flesh was in no way affected, and so quite wholesome for food. If you have many of your old hens that appear very fat, I advise you to kill them for the table, and if you have any doubts about the condition of the flock, add a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water once every third day until they have had three doses.

Your second letter, describing the condition of the duck, is answered, by the above, for it is undoubtedly a case of a ruptured egg passage. Ducks should be

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fed on a mixture of ground corn, oats, wheat bran, made into a mash with an equal quantity of cooked green vegetables, chopped and steamed clover and Alfalfa hay.

L. B.—As the birds have all been running together, I don't think it would be safe to use the eggs for hatching after dividing the varieties, for at least three weeks.

M. K.—Feeding one hundred hens and getting only from one to three eggs a day is dreadful. I try to impress on all our readers the mistake of keeping mixed flocks of mongrels. This is only one proof of how unpredictable they are. Better have birds of one good variety and get four or five eggs a day. Your method of feeding is good, especially as the birds have the run of the farm, but during the winter any sort of fowls must have animal and vegetable food, or they can't produce eggs.

B. O. B.—If the hen never lays a normal-sized egg, there must be some malformation of the egg organs. Hens often lay a few small eggs at the end of the clutch. I fear there is no remedy for the case.

L. J. Z.—You seem to be feeding heavily on very rich foods. Boiled potato skins, buckwheat, table scraps, animal meal and corn, are all very fattening, and as you only have fifteen hens to feed three times a day, it is more than likely that the birds are being overfed, and the bird who died was the first to break down. Her symptoms all suggest acute indigestion. Better cut out all of the above mentioned foods; give scratch feed in the morning, green vegetables at noon, and oats, or oats and wheat, at night. Add a teaspoonful of magnesia to a quart of drinking water once a week for three weeks.

E. W.—The fault may have been with the breeding stock. If it were old and excessively fat or poor and inbred, but most likely it was the method in which the incubator was run. If the heat ran up and down in an uncertain manner, or went below 103 1/2 during the last twenty-four hours, the chicks would lose strength through the hatch being delayed, and that would account, for the yolk not being drawn into the abdomen. The convulsive fits which you describe are nearly always the result of uneven temperature. Thermometers are not always to be trusted. They should be tested each season. Read the January and March numbers of COMFORT.

An Old Subscriber.—The first part of the department this month tells about coops.

F. F. F.—The heat was not sufficient in the machine, or you cooled the eggs too long each day. In a cellar, where the temperature is below fifty degrees, half an hour twice a day is too much, especially if you remove the lamp to trim and fill during that time, for the temperature in the egg chamber would run down so low that it would take several hours to reach 103 again. Read answer to E. W.

### Drilling Wells is a Year Round Business

Drilling Water Wells is a profitable, healthful year-round business. There are wells all around you to be drilled. Do you want to get into a money-making business for yourself? Write for particulars.

Star Drilling Machine Co., 815 Washington St., Akron, Ohio.

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For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7374.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WIND GALLS.—My horse has wind puffs that are started on both front ankles. Can you tell me a cure and also what causes them?

L. W.

A.—These are distensions of the synovial bursae of the joints or tendon sheaths from strain and they are practically incurable. Pressure from bandages does some good temporarily, when fully established wind gall do not cause lameness.

FISTULA.—I have a mare nine years old that has a running sore between her jaw bones. There is a hole about as big around as a pencil clear through. I would like your advice.

A. L.

A.—The discharging pipe (sinus) no doubt connects with the root of a diseased bone. These should be removed by a skilled surgeon. Meanwhile inject a little of a two per cent solution of protargol once daily. This is expensive but effective.

CALLOUS.—I have a seven-year-old mare that had a fistula last September. It healed but left a knot on two of her withers. I will appreciate any information.

L. V. M.

A.—Better leave the knot alone. If could only be removed by dissection and that possibly might cause recurrence of the fistula.

WEAK MULE.—My father has a mule four years old. He seems to be loose where his hips join the back bone. In walking he spreads his hind legs, falls down and can't get up without help. He has been this way since last November.

R. N. O.

A.—The mule may have strained the muscles of the loins, but such symptoms may also indicate "swamp fever" which is incurable. Let the mule run on grass this summer and be given additional feed. He may then gradually recover.

BLOAT.—Last spring I bought lambs from the sheepmen when a few hours old. I fed them fresh milk from a bottle, and when two weeks old gave them skim-milk. After feeding them skim-milk they would eat grass, bloat up and die. Did I feed them right?

E. M.

A.—Add an ounce of lime-water to each pint of skim-milk when you start feeding that and they should do better. Also be careful to feed often and only small quantities at a time.

STRANGHTAL.—I have a three-year-old mare that is strangled. Will she outgrow it? She is not as bad as she was two years ago. Is there a remedy?

Subscriber.

A.—She will not be likely to outgrow the disease but it may be remedied with a fair degree of success by the operation of peritoneal tenotomy to be performed by a trained veterinarian.

WEAK CALF.—A two-year-old heifer had a calf. It bawled a good deal and only lived four hours. The heifer was in good condition and is doing first rate. She was fed on plenty of oat green feed and a little Timothy hay and all the salt and water she wanted. She had a stable to run in. The calf seemed to be too weak to hold up his head. Could you tell me what was the matter with the calf? Mrs. N. P. M.

A.—The heifer was inadequately fed and could not be expected to produce a strong calf. Feed clover or Alfalfa hay, oats, corn and bran and such weak ewes will become rare. Contagious abortion may, however, cause similar weakness.

SLOBBERING.—I have a mare six years old. She has trouble in trying to eat corn or hay. She wets the cob as much as though they had been in water.

Mrs. I. G.

A.—It seems perfectly clear that the teeth or some foreign body in the mouth cause both slobbering and difficulty in mastication and you should take the horse to a different graduate veterinarian for proper examination and treatment. It may be that milk tooth crowns or shells of molar teeth have lodged and need removing.

LAME COW.—I have a fine young milk cow which has a disease of the feet that is called crack-heel. Please tell me what to do for it. Mrs. F. K. W.

A.—You have not described the condition present so we cannot give a confident opinion. Cleanse the foot and cut away all rotten or loose horn, then immerse for a few moments in a solution of two ounces of sulphur of copper (blue stone) in a pint of water used hot. Afterwards soak outkum daily in a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and bind upon the foot.

COUGH.—Could you tell me what is the matter with my brother-in-law's horse? He groans when he lies down. He has a cough, also a discharge from the nose, of a tough whitish color. It falls in the watering trough when he drinks.

E. C.

A.—Heaves possibly is present. Try feeding him on grass alone in summer. Twice daily give him a table-spoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic. As there always is a possibility of glanders in such a case it would be well to have an examination made by a trained veterinarian.

BLOAT COLIC.—What is the best thing to do for cow that has bloat or for horse when it has colic? What is best remedy for him? Give him physic at once? What shall I give him?

O. K.

A.—Give two ounces of turpentine or a table-spoonful of formaldehyde in a quart of milk. The cow may first have to be tapped in the left flank with a trocar and canula for removal of gas from the paunch. There are several kinds of colic. Usually an ounce or two of turpentine and an ounce of landauum will give relief. A bloated horse also has to be tapped high up in the right flank for removal of gas.

WARTS.—I have a cow which has warts on all four teats. What can I do to get rid of them?

Mrs. J. N.

A.—Rub in best Castor oil after each milking, or use olive oil or fresh goose grease and the warts may in time disappear. Those having narrow necks may be snipped off with scissors, a few at a time. Lightly rub with a lunar caustic pencil if they start growing again.

WANTS.—Can you give any information in regard to warts on cows' bags and on milkers' hands? What can be done for them?

C. C. S.

A.—See answer to Mrs. J. N.

GROWTH.—I have a yearling colt that has a bleeding wart just below the ear and near the eye. Could you tell me anything that will help it?

J. G.

A.—This possibly is not a wart but the opening of a fistula connecting with a supernumerary molar tooth which could be removed by a veterinarian. If no such condition is found present he should carefully remove the growth by dissection and then cauterize the wound.

WORMS.—Can you tell me what caused two of my helpers to have worms under their hides? One was squeezed out by the hired man. It was an inch long and as large as the end of the little finger. Will they injure the animals? What can be done to prevent them? They were out all last summer. Could it be anything they got last summer?

M. F. G.

A.—The grubs are the larvae of the ox warble fly (hypoderma lineatum) hatched from eggs deposited by the fly in summer. Keep flies off by spraying the cows with commercial fly repellent during summer. Squeeze out and destroy each ripe grub. This is easily accomplished by placing the open mouth of a large blade upon the "boll" and squeezing down hard. You need not fear to use the milk.

GRABS.—In my April number of COMFORT I saw your answer to E. S. in regard to the Gaddsy grubs. You say to prevent them to smear pine tar on the nose of the sheep in flytime. Will you please tell how often it would be necessary to apply the tar? I have taken COMFORT a number of years.

J. N. P.

A.—Keep the noses daubed with pine tar, or a mixture of pine tar, grease and crude carbolic acid, as long as flies are troublesome and often enough to protect the sheep. A good plan is to make large auger holes in a squared log. Keep them filled with salt for the sheep to lick and keep tar dashed on the edge of the holes.

## The Japanese Way To Remove Corns Don't Hurt a Bit—Easy and Simple

The Magic Touch of Ice-Mint Does It. Just a Touch Stops Soreness, Then the Corn of Callous Shrivels and Lifts Off. Try it. Your Feet Will Feel Cool and Fine.

Just a touch of Ice-mint and "Oh!" what relief. Corns and callouses vanish, soreness disappears and you can dance all night or walk all day and your corns won't hurt a bit. No matter what you have tried or how many times you have been disappointed here is a real help for you at last. From the very second that Ice-mint touches that sore, tender corn your poor tired, aching feet will feel so cool, easy and comfortable that you will just sigh with relief. Think of it; just a little touch of that delightful, cooling Ice-mint and real foot joy is yours. No matter how old or tough

your pet corn is he will shrivel right up and you can pick him out after a touch of Ice-mint. No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying it or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Ice-mint is the real Japanese secret of fine, healthy, little feet. Prevents foot odors and keeps them cool, sweet and comfortable. It is now selling like wildfire here.

Just ask in any drug store for a little Ice-mint and give your poor suffering, tired feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better, nor nothing "just as good." Advt.

## Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

"Tommy! I've dropped Tommy!" And she gazed anxiously backward and forward. "Oh, I see him and he'll be run over! Tommy! Tommy!"

She tore straight into the path of the galloping horse, where sat Tommy, placidly licking his whiskers.

Nerine's heart bounded.

The sun was straight in the eyes of the man on the horse; ten to one he could not see them. "Remain where you are, May! Don't come!" she cried sharply. She flew after Joan, who was racing blindly for Tommy.

"Joan!" what a shout came from her young throat.

It was just in time that she reached the child and dragged her back—too late if her shriek of desperation had not been so loud and clear. For the man heard and saw her just in time, and swerved—swerved just clear of the girl and child, but, alas! full over the luckless Tommy!

The flying hoofs struck and sent him into the air; he would never again sit in the sun and whisk his tail, never more bite unwary fingers.

Joan wrenched her shoulder from Nerine and ran to her beloved rat. Nerine, somewhat breathless from her fright, ran after her. Over at the point the man had stopped his horse and then came trotting back to them.

Both were stooping over Tommy, who lay still and limp on the sand. There was not a mark on the poor little beast, but he was dead.

"I beg your pardon very much." Nerine looked up to see the chestnut horse which had done the mischief close beside her, and the man in the act of dismounting. "I am afraid," slipping the bridle over his arm, "that I frightened you."

Nerine started. Where had she heard that shout?

"Mr. Fairfax!" she said, looking at the strong, thin face, which was a little white, for Fairfax had the very uncomfortable knowledge that if he had not heard the girl shout he must have run straight over the child. For a moment he stared blankly; then he remembered her.

"Miss Lispenard!" he said, rather stupidly. "How do you do?"

Nerine had grown pale in her turn; the man reminded her so keenly of that hateful ball.

"Do you know," she said, grimly, "that you nearly rode over my little cousin?"

Mr. Fairfax was not given to humility, but he spoke very humbly now.

"I have to thank you that I did not. I never saw you till you shouted. I never thought of there being any one in this lonely place."

"You might have looked," shrieked Joan. With tears pouring down her pretty face she stamped her foot at him. "Just see what you've done. My Tommy is dead!"

Fairfax gazed in wild surprise on the dainty white animal. He had never been acquainted with anyone who took a rat about as though it were a dog.

Nerine explained, and he put his hand on the defunct Tommy with real sorrow.

"You shan't touch him!" Joan sat down on the sand still clasping Tommy. Her tears choked her tongue. "Oh, my Tommy!" she sobbed.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them; and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. T., Lascassas, Tenn.—There isn't any "latest" stile reply to give a young man when introduced; because the same old style still prevails, which is to say that you are pleased to meet him. Of course, this doesn't mean anything, but it sounds pleasant, and the great mass of people who are introduced haven't originality enough to say any new thing which would be just as good form and quite as pleasant, not to mention the fact that they might really mean what they said if they made up on the spot what they said. Do you grasp the idea? Now, if you are not like the great mass and can say something pleasant and pertinent, not impertinent on the occasion of an introduction, go right ahead and do it regardless of any rules of etiquette.

Miss H. B. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—As you are about to write to a man you do not know and you ask us what you should write, we will, as a friend, suggest that you begin by asking him if he is a married man, or an ex-convict, or a white slaver, or any one of the others of dozens of undesirable things he might be as far as you know. Tell him that a lady you ought to know what kind of a man you are corresponds with and a gentleman he ought to tell you, no matter whether it is to his credit or not. You may not think it makes any difference what kind of a man you are writing to, but really it does, because it would be most embarrassing to you after three or four months of correspondence to find out that he was not one married, but was an ex-convict as well. At least, it seems to me that you would feel rather embarrassed, especially if your letters had become somewhat tender and he showed them around to his pals. As a strict matter of etiquette don't write to strange men.

Cat's Eye, Passaic, N. J.—If a lady does not know what kind of a birthday present she wants and cannot tell the gentleman donor when he asks her, she should be satisfied with anything he may choose for her. Etiquette prescribes no rules in such cases.

Blue Eyes, Petrolia, Cal.—When a young wife, living in the country, has an opportunity to go to the dances and other occasional social diversions of the community and her husband will not go with her simply because he doesn't want to go, or doesn't want her to go, we are almost tempted to tell her she should take on a little of the spirit of the modern woman of progress and go without him. A woman in her home all day needs some change and if she likes community society, we think her husband, even if he, having been out and around all day, does not want to go out in the evening, should be sufficiently considerate of her needs to go with her, or to make proper arrangements for her to go without him. Only the wholly selfish man will insist upon his wife staying at home all the time, and if at last she can endure it no longer and breaks away to the discredit of all, the husband is more to blame than the wife is. Many city wives go too much and neglect homes and husbands for their own selfish pleasure, but opportunities in the country are not such as they are in the city and husbands should be willing to make some concessions, even though they might not enjoy doing it. Why don't you organize a Wives' Protective Association in your community and start a campaign of social education for all husbands? That may sound like a joke to you, but it is really a serious proposition worth considering. We think your husband would hardly dare object to your attending the meetings of such an organization.

S. R. L., Mullen, S. Dak.—Wear your hair in the style that is most becoming to you no matter what the fashion book style is. You may follow the fashions in clothes, however ugly and unbecoming they may be, but your hair is part of you and you have no right to wear it any way except as will become you most. (2) The same kind of manners prevail at box suppers as elsewhere, and the gentleman always shows every deference to the lady. Make up the box to suit yourself. (3) "You are welcome," or just "Welcome" is hardly the proper response to the gentleman who thanks the lady for the dance. A bow and a smile are better, or some nice little speech appropriate to the occasion, which must be spontaneous.

Gray Eyes, Mason City, Iowa.—Lots of girls are too nervous to be good switchboard girls and if you are feeling that way about it, you should quit the telephone for other employment. If you like clerking and can get a good position, take it. Remember in whatever work you do that that which you like best you can do best and although it may not pay as some other work that you might do, the pleasure in your work more than balances the difference in the pay. If you have no interest in any work except the money you can make out of it, you will never excel at anything and never be worth much money to any employer.

Worried, Kendrick, Id.—There is no disgrace in divorce if you are the innocent party and while we do not believe in seeking divorce, except in extreme cases, we do believe that it is better than to suffer and waste one's life merely for convention's sake. If you are frank with your husband and tell him that you will not live with him unless he changes his manner of life and treats you as a good wife should be treated, he may realize that he has reached the limit and must reform. Give him six months' time and if he does not change, then go back to your parents' home and make the separation permanent. It's not every woman who would have endured what you have for nine years. And whatever you do, be sure that in all things your own conduct is above reproach and beyond gossip.

Little Orphan, Demopolis, Ala.—It is quite proper for a lady to pin a dower on a gentleman's coat whether she is engaged to him or not. Just now it is more proper to pin a bright little Star and Stripes there.

E. C., Blue Ridge, Ga.—Rules of etiquette do not let your case as rules of a law court would. Try a writ of replevin on the false one to get your letters back, but no court or no etiquette can get him back. You have lost him and knowing how false he has proved, you should not grieve, but rather rejoice that you have been delivered out of this affliction.

Unhappy, Hellier, Ky.—If you have no more feeling than to wish to have your children and their father, even if you have discovered that you do not love him, and go away with another man, probably your husband and children would do better without you. What were such women ever made for? The man who wants you to go with him, we imagine is not much better than you are, is he?

Many Thanks, Augusta, Ky.—Etiquette does not prescribe just how far around the lady's waist the gentleman's arm should go before she dislikes it, but as this gentleman offended in that manner, you should tell him in advance how far he should go and he will not offend again, we hope. If he does you may say anything you please to him expressive of your disapproval, or may even slap his jaws, as is sometimes done in impolite society.

Blue Eyes, Parry, Sask.—By a law of natural selection the big man will choose the little woman and the big woman will prefer the little man. It is the compensating rule which makes all things even. It sometimes happens, as in your case, that the big woman doesn't want the little man, but such cases are not natural. Still, you may marry as you please and live happily ever after, whether you are obeying the law of selection or not. Many do.

Blue Eyes, Rougemont, N. C.—The gentleman did not admire your style of manners in declining to be kissed and has no doubt sought ladies who are more to his liking. When he tells others that he still loves you, but that you are mad with him, he is merely prevaricating to defend his ungentlemanly conduct.

## The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

which Emil Correll had showered upon her. "How can I help you, lady?" Giulia inquired, with a look of surprise.

"Call me Edith—I am only a poor, friendless girl, like yourself," she gently returned. "But I want to go away from this house immediately—I must get out of it unobserved; then I can catch a train that leaves Boston at three o'clock, for New York."

"Ah! you wish to run away from Emil!" exclaimed Giulia, her face lighting with eagerness. "Yes—I would never own myself his wife for a single hour. I was planning, when you came in, to get away tonight when the house was quiet; but doubtless they would lock my door if I continued to be obstinate, and it would be a great deal better for me, every way, if I could go now," Edith explained.

"Yes, I will help you—I will do anything you wish," said Giulia, heartily.

"Then come!" exclaimed Edith, excitedly. "I want you to go down to him; he is in one of the rooms below—in the library, I think—a room under the one opposite this. He will be so astonished by your unexpected visit that he will be thrown off his guard, and you must manage to occupy his attention until you are sure I am well out of the house—which will be in less than ten minutes after you are in his presence—and then I shall have nothing more to fear from him."

"I will do it," said the Italian girl, rising, a look of resolve on her handsome but care-lined face.

"Thank you! thank you!" returned Edith, earnestly. "I am going straight to New York to friends; but of course, you will not betray my plans."

"No, indeed; but do you think your friends can help you break with Emil—do you believe that ceremony can be canceled?" breathlessly inquired Giulia.

"I hope so," Edith answered; "at all events, if I can but once put myself under the protection of my friends, I shall no longer fear him. I shall then try to have the marriage annulled. Perhaps, when he realizes how determined I am, he may even be willing to submit to it."

"Oh, do you think so?—do you think so?" cried Giulia, tremulously, and with hopeful eagerness.

"I will hope so," replied Edith, gravely, "and I will also hope that I may be able to do something to make you and this dear child happy once more. What a sweet little fellow he is!" she concluded as she leaned forward and kissed him softly on the cheek, an act which brought the quick tears to his mother's eyes.

"You must go," said Edith, advancing to the door, and softly opening it. "I have no time to lose if I am to catch my train. Remember, the room under the one opposite this—you will easily find it. Now, good by, and Heaven bless you both."

With a look of deepest gratitude and veneration, Giulia Florini, her child clasped in her arms, passed out of the room and moved swiftly toward the grand staircase leading to the lower part of the house; while Edith, closing and locking the door after her, stood listening until she should reach the library, where she was sure Emil Correll sat reading.

She heard the sweep of the girl's robes upon the stairs; then, a moment later, a stifled exclamation of mingled surprise and anger fell upon her ears, after which the library door was hastily shut, and Edith began to breathe more freely.

She hastened to put on her jacket, preparatory to leaving the house. But an instant afterward her heart leaped into her throat, as she caught the sound of the hurried opening and shutting of the library door again.

Then there came swift steps over the stairs.

Edith knew that Emil Correll was coming to ascertain if she were safe within her room; that he feared if Giulia had succeeded in gaining an entrance there, without being discovered, she might possibly have escaped in the same way.

She moved noiselessly across the room toward the dressing-case and opened a drawer, just as there came a knock on her door.

"Is that you, Mrs. Goddard?" Edith questioned, in her usual tone of voice, though her heart was beating with great, frightened throbs.

"No; it is I," responded Emil Correll.

"You must excuse me just now, Mr. Correll," the girl replied, as she rattled the stopper to one of the perfume bottles on the dressing-case: "I am dressing, and cannot see any one just at present."

"Oh!" returned the voice from without, in a modified tone, as if the man were intensely relieved by her reply. "I beg your pardon; but when can I see you—how long will it take you to finish dressing?"

"Not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, perhaps," she returned.

"Ah, you are relenting!" said the man, eagerly. "You will come down by and by—you will dine with us this evening, Edith!" he concluded, in an appealing tone.

"Mr. Correll," she said at last, in a tone which he interpreted as one of timid concession. "I wish to do what is right and—I think perhaps I will come down as soon as I finish dressing."

His face lighted and flushed with triumph.

He believed that she was yielding—won over by the munificent gifts with which he had crowded her room.

"Ah! thank you! thank you!" he responded, with delight. "But take your own time, dear, and make yourself just as beautiful as possible, and I will come up for you in the course of half an hour."

He flattered himself that he would be well rid of Giulia by that time; and having assured himself that Emil was safe in her room, and, as he believed, gradually submitting to his terms, he retraced his steps down-stairs, the cruel lines about his mouth hardening as he went, for he had resolved to cast off forever the girl who had become nothing but a burden and an annoyance to him.

Edith did not move until she heard him enter the library again and close the door after him.

Then, hurriedly, buttoning her jacket and pinning on her hat, she took from her trunk the package which she had made up an hour before, stole softly from her room and down the back stairs to the area hall.

The outer door was closed and bolted—the gasman having long since finished his errand and departed—and she could hear the cook and one of the maids conversing in the kitchen just across the hall.

Edith quickly slipped the bolt to the street door, then hurriedly passed out, closing it noiselessly after her.

Another moment she was in the street, speeding with swift, light steps across the park.

Arrived at the station, she had ten minutes to wait, after purchasing her ticket, and the uneventful with which she watched the slowly moving hands upon the clock in the gloomy waiting room may be imagined.

Her waiting was over at last, and, exactly on time, the train came thundering to the station.

Edith quickly boarded it, then sank weak and trembling upon the nearest empty seat, her heart beating so rapidly that she panted with every breath.

Then the train began to move, and, with a prayer of thankfulness over her escape, the excited girl leaned back against the cushion and gave herself up to rest, knowing that she could not now be overtaken before arriving in New York.

This feeling of security did not last long, how-

ever, and she was filled with dismay as she thought that Emil Correll would doubtless discover her flight in the course of half an hour, if he had not already done so, when he would probably surmise that she would go immediately to New York and so telegraph to have her arrested upon her arrival there.

The first time the conductor came through the car she asked him for a Western Union slip, when she wrote the following message and addressed it to Royal Bryant's office on Broadway:

"Shall arrive at Grand Central Station, via B. & A. R. R., at nine o'clock. Do not fail to meet me. Important. EDITH ALLANDALE."

When the conductor came back again, she gave this to him, with the necessary money, and asked if he would kindly forward it from Framingham for her.

He cheerfully promised to do so. Then, feeling greatly relieved, Edith settled herself contentedly for a nap, for she was very weary and heavy-eyed from the long strain upon her nerves and lack of sleep.

She did not wake for more than three hours, when she found that daylight had faded, and that the lamps had been lighted in the car.

At New Haven she obtained a light lunch from a boy who was crying his viands through the train, and when her hunger was satisfied she straightened her hat and drew on her gloves, knowing that another two hours would bring her to her destination.

Then she began to speculate upon possible and impossible things, and to grow very anxious regarding her safety upon her arrival in New York.

Perhaps Royal Bryant had not received her message.

He might have left his office before it arrived; maybe the officials at Framingham had even neglected to send it; or Mr. Bryant might have been out of town.

What could she do if, upon alighting from the train, some burly policeman should step up to her and claim her as his prisoner?

She had thus worked herself up to a very nervous and excited state by the time the lights of the great metropolis could be seen in the distance; her face grew flushed and feverish, her eyes were like two points of light, her temples throbbed, her pulses leaped, and her heart beat with great, frightened throbs.

The train had to make a short stop where one road crossed another just before entering the city, and the poor girl actually grew faint and dizzy with the fear that an officer might perhaps board the train at that point.

Almost as the thought flashed through her brain, the car door opened and a man entered, when a thrill of pain went quivering through every nerve, prickling to her very finger-tips.

A second glance showed her that it was a familiar form, and she almost cried out with joy as she recognized Royal Bryant and realized that she was safe!

He saw her immediately and went directly to her, his gleaming eyes telling a story from his heart which instantly sent the rich color to her brow.

"Miss Allandale!" he exclaimed, in a low, eager tone, as he clasped her outstretched hand. "I am more than glad to see you once again."

"Then you received my telegram," she said.

"Yes, else I should not be here," he returned; "but I came very near missing it. I was just on the point of leaving the office when the messenger-boy brought it in. I suppose our advertisement is to be thanked for your appearance in New York thus opportunely."

"Not wholly," Edith returned. "If it had been that alone which called me here, I need not have telegraphed you. I saw it only yesterday; but my chief reason for coming hither is that I am a fugitive."

"A fugitive!" repeated her companion, in surprise. "Ah, yes, I wondered a little over that word 'important' in your message. It struck me," he added, smiling significantly down upon her, "that you left New York in very much the same manner."

"Yes," she faltered, flushing rosy.

"From whom and what were you fleeing? Edith? Surely not from one who would have been only too glad to shield you from every ill?" said the young man.

She shot one swift glance into his face and saw that his eyes were luminous with the great love that was throbbing in his manly heart, and with an inward start of exceeding joy she drooped her lids again, but not before he had read in the look and the tell-tale flush that flooded cheeks, brow and neck, that his affection was returned.

"I will forgive you, dear, if you will be kind to me in the future," he whispered, taking courage from her sweet shyness and bashfulness. "And now tell me why you are a fugitive from Boston, for your telegram was dated from that city."

"I will," she murmured, "I will tell you all about the dreadful things that have happened to me; but not here," she added, with an anxious glance around. "Will you take me to some place where I shall be safe?" she continued, appealingly. "I have no place to go unless it is to some hotel, and I shrink from a public house."

"My child, why are you trembling so?" the young man inquired, as he saw she was shivering from head to foot. "I am very glad," he added, "that I was inspired to board the train at the crossing, and thus can give you my protection in the confusion of your arrival."

"I am glad, too; it was very thoughtful of you," said Edith, appreciatively; "but—but I am also going to need your help again in a legal way."

"You shall have it; I am ready to throw myself heart and hand between you and any trouble of whatever nature. Now about a safe place for you to stay while you are in the city. I have a married cousin who lives on West Fortieth street; we are the best of friends and she will gladly entertain you at my request, until you can make other arrangements."

"But to intrude upon an entire stranger—"

Edith did not move until she heard him enter the library again and close the door after him.

Then, hurriedly, buttoning her jacket and pinning on her hat, she took from her trunk the package which she had made up an hour before, stole softly from her room and down the back stairs to the area hall.



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### Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**N**OW comes the rosy month of June when man and maiden love to spoon and wander 'neath the silver moon and all that sort of thing that we never outgrow and which comes around regularly every time June does. Lots of people say it's silly and sensible persons don't do anything of the sort, and maybe they don't, but just the same, my dears, the world wouldn't be worth living in if the rosy month of June weren't rosy and didn't rhyme with moon and spoon. So there, and let us all thank the Lord for June, no matter how sensible we are or are not. Now, having got the Juney-spoony-meony out of my system, I'll go to work.

The first letter on the pile before me is from Hazel-nut of Chapel Hill, Texas, and she is in doubt about accepting the attentions of a grass widower who has not yet received his divorce papers. I'm glad she is in doubt and I hope she will doubt on the safe side until the man has a legal right to seek another wife. He hasn't now, and the fact that he is so anxious to get another is strong evidence against him. Maybe Hazel-nut may like that kind, but I do not. She may marry him when he is free, but I think she will be sorry for it.

Lorayne, Lorain, Ohio.—Well, well, does a Buck-eye girl have to ask me if she should marry a man who is more or less of a drunkard, a liar and a do-nothing? Don't be afraid if you refuse him, that he will injure some one you love, or harm anybody. He isn't that kind. Turn him down and keep him turned down and don't dream of being a movie actress. The nearly as hopeless as marrying the man you mention.

A lone, Ripley, Tenn.—Of course you mustn't marry the soldier you write to, but know nothing of. May-be he has a wife and children. (2) You have no right to insist upon the exclusive attention of any young man unless you are engaged to him. Be sensible about a young man and you will have more attention and better.

Billy, Elvans, Texas.—A girl can be a chronic flirt and not be a bad girl, as that term is generally understood, but she cannot be and be an honorable girl. You admit being engaged to four young men at once, all of them thinking you are honest and honorable, but you could not have become engaged without lying to at least three of them and you have acted dishonorably with all four. It is not for me to say how you will redeem yourself, but all the engagements should be broken to begin with and each man should know the reason. That would be an honorable and honest beginning. When you say you are naturally a flirt, I believe you, just as I would believe a burglar who said he was naturally thief. Science is devising some means to correct such defectives.

Sallie, Paducah, Ky.—Why don't you be honest with the jealous suitor and tell him frankly you don't like him and don't want him to annoy you with his attentions? Are you so afraid that you will lose him you can't be honest with yourself and with him?

Two Girls, Park City, Utah.—As your parents object to your receiving attention from young men because of your youth, suppose you wait until you are of age and can pick and choose for yourselves. Time is a terror to throbbing hearts. Try it for a year or two.

Joy C., Peoria, Ill.—Your parents are too good to you. Instead of my giving you advice how to act with your beau, I should like to give them advice how they should act with him.

Perplexed, Pleasant Valley, Ky.—The fact of your being three years older than he is does not mean anything at all, but the fact that a young chap of twenty-one likes his "toddie" may mean a very great deal before he is forty. However, as he is so good to his sisters maybe he will be good to you; I'm dreadfully afraid though of liquor in the family.

Brown Eyes, Stepstone, Ky.—I don't think it is a question whether or not you should drop him, as he seems to have dropped you. Still, he has no right to act ugly because you were not at home to receive him at four o'clock when he had an engagement to call for you at one o'clock. Anyway, don't take him back till he apologizes.

Three Girls, Stahlstown, Pa.—All three of you writing about beans and all three of you can't write without incorrect spelling and grammar. One of you even calls a chaperon a "chaperoon!" Oh, my, oh me, and you want to know about beans instead of books!

Cowgirl, Animas, N. M.—Well, my dear, being as how he is an old friend and going away to be gone several years, I think maybe I can excuse you for kissing him good by, but don't let it happen again. And don't you say you have higher ambitions than marriage. There is no higher ambition for a woman than marriage if she marries as she should marry. Marriage, just to be marrying, is no ambition whatever.

Lonesome, Prairie View, Kans.—If you really loved him you would know it and wouldn't have to ask me. As you do not love him as you should for goodness' sake don't marry him, or you never will love him. Break the engagement. It may hurt him, but not nearly as much as to marry him and have him learn he had a wife who didn't love him.

Alca, Greeley, Colo.—By all means tell the young man you did not write the letter to which your name was signed. If you really like him, treat him nicely and he may take you out riding again and you may be real sweethearts yet, but don't kiss and make up. Kissing is not necessary to friendship.

Lelawa, Carrizozo, N. M.—Don't be afraid you will have to marry the man if you do not want to. This is a free country yet, and nobody can compel you to be married against your will.

June Bug, Towas City, Mich.—My dear, why should you want to win back a young man who thought so little of you that he let a married woman win him away from you? I wouldn't tell you how to win him back, if I knew forty ways of doing it. Let him go and be glad to get rid of him.

Ruby, Daisy, Ga.—Beware of the widower who begins his attentions by intimating that he does not want any others around. That sort of a man is a mean, jealous pig that is a nagger always and hard to get along with. Still, if you like that kind, suit yourself. Until you become engaged you are at liberty to have just as many beans as you can attract to you. Don't be a slave to anybody until you have to. (2) When he knew where you were he should have come there for you, instead of waiting at your house for you.

There, my dears, your questions are all answered, except some that were too silly and others not for me which you will find in other departments. I have felt so good that summer is here that I have not scolded much and I hope you feel just as rose colored in your tempers as I do. Now run along and be summer girls, but remember that the summer girl must be the right kind of a girl all the year around.

By, by, COUSIN MARION.

### Darling Sue

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ward, most of it. That's what started me. When I found every man's hand raised against me, I had to steal to live. But there has been no more killin', ma'am. True, I have notched a few men's ears, for pure devilment—to sort o' scare 'em and put my trade-mark on 'em, so to speak."

He paused to stir the dying fire. "I guess nobody in this section would know me now," he went on; "but the reward still stands, all right."

The woman found her bad man an agreeable companion. He guessed her wants beforehand, and did everything that was to be done for her comfort on the little journey. Each evening

as they sat about a little fire on the desert's sand he played the battered old guitar for the boy's pleasure. But he refrained from singing "Darling Sue." He and the boy became inseparable. McKenzie was father and brother and playmate to the child.

It was the last night of their journey, and they had just finished supper. Mrs. Jefferson sat in a canvas chair, and her boy stood leaning against her knee. Directly across the bright coals John McKenzie sat on a box, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The woman watched the flickering light play on his face, and thought him a handsome man. And, she told herself, he was about twenty-seven, her own age. She knew he was young; he seemed always so proud of that little, fair mustache. She wished, almost, that the end of their journey was not quite so close.

"Play some more for me, Kenzie!" the boy requested, smiling to the man across the fire.

McKenzie took up the guitar and struck a few chords, but they were rather lifeless. A new thing had come into John McKenzie's life, a thing that was strange because it had come after so many wild and lonely years. After a moment of trying, he put the old instrument down on the sand.

"Little boy will have to 'scuse Kenzie this time," he muttered. "Kenzie just can't—play, somehow."

"Tomorrow—will you play tomorrow?" wistfully.

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow the doors of a jail would close upon him. That fact broke into the woman's mind with a new force. It was harder than she had thought it to deliver her boy's Kenzie to the authorities. She raised her eyes to those of the outlaw; they were gazing squarely at her, and she noted that there was a new light in them. She saw him flush in the glimmering firelight; then he slowly bent his head.

The boy broke the silence: "Couldn't you play for mother now?"

McKenzie smiled, and there was much tenderness in it. "Maybe she doesn't care to hear my bum playin'," he said; and there was much tenderness in his voice, too.

The Widow Jefferson suddenly spoke: "McKenzie, I don't think I can play the Judas after all."

"What's that, ma'am?" and he looked up.

"I say I don't think I can sell you."

"Sell me!" McKenzie laughed a laugh that didn't deceive even the child. "Why, it ain't like you was sellin' me, ma'am. Because I can very easy break jail, you know—"

Mrs. Jefferson had gone to her feet. "Hush, McKenzie!" she interrupted. "You can't break jail, of course. You've just been telling me that. McKenzie, I will never do it—I won't turn you up! That's final. I'd rather go to the dust and starvation of the Halfway House!"

"But the boy!"

She raised her hand. "It's settled, McKenzie."

And he knew it was.

He stood up, then went around the fire and stopped within a yard of her.

"I've got another proposition to offer," he said. "We can sell the horses for enough money to land us in St. Louis—let me go along and take care of you and the boy—I mean marry me, and let me work for you! Bowers wouldn't care if he could know. I need you, Sue—I need you even more than you need me. I'll surrender the wild life. Maybe you'd come to like me in time, Sue. Won't you?"

His sunburned face mirrored a greatness in his soul, and his nether lip trembled as he tried to smile.

"The past is dead," he went on; "the past is always dust; there is only the future, and let's live it together. Honest, I'll give up the wild life. See, I surrender, Sue—"

He took his revolver-laden belt from about his hips and placed it in her hands. Then, with his eyes shining with the first tears he could remember, he sang, low and throbbing, the last line of the song the woman loved.

"I takes and lays 'em where my heart lies too!"

The heavy pistols dropped to the desert sand, and Sue Jefferson's arms went around John McKenzie's neck. She felt that dead Bowers wouldn't care if he could know.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

VICTORIA.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

into noble and divine blessings; and there are no blessings which the mind may not convert into evils.

I am nineteen years old, weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds and am five feet five inches tall, and have light blue eyes and golden hair.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

VICTORIA.

TO ANY WOMAN FOR Giving Away 60 Pack- ages Soap Powder FREE

### This 3 Pair New Sanitary Feather PILLOWS FREE

For short time only. This pair regular \$3 grade 5 lb. beautiful pillows containing all New, Clean, Sanitary Feathers—covered with fine quality Fancy Art Ticking, given absolutely FREE with our special low-priced Household Outfits. Write for FREE illustrated circulars. Post card bring to American Feather & Pillow Co., Dept A, Nashville, Tenn.

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Takes 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 picture time or instantaneous. Can use Brownie No. 1 film. Absolutely guaranteed. Substantial black leatherette covered case 37 1/2 x 33 1/2. Six exposure film 15c. Postpaid cash

## 5 Wheel Chairs in May 415 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The five May wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Ethel May Hall, Rougemont, N. C., 200; Mrs. Mollie McNeill, Duke, N. C., 136; Johnnie May Heatherly, Bremen, Ala., 103; Thomas R. Hancock, Winterpark, Va., 101; Mrs. Lucinda Sission, Forest Hill, La., 99.

Ethel May Hall, age 17, describes herself in a beautifully written letter as having always been an invalid and unable to walk a step. Her friends sent the entire 200 subscriptions for her chair in three weeks' time.

Mrs. Mollie McNeill, age 41, has been crippled by rheumatism nearly six years. Her legs are drawn up and useless. Her arms are affected so that she can barely use her right hand to feed herself.

Johnnie May Heatherly, age 16, is confined to her bed by tuberculosis of the bone which developed from white swelling of the knee. It is five years since she took her last step. She is entirely helpless.

Thomas R. Hancock, age 13, has been partially paralyzed all his life so that he can not walk and can use only one hand.

Mrs. Lucinda Sission, age 71, paralyzed in her left side since February, 1916, is almost helpless. Even her tongue is affected so that she can hardly talk.

These are all hard cases but there are many more equally distressing that are suffering for wheel chairs and need your help. Don't fail them. We want to do better yet next month.

We have an interesting roll of honor. Why not get your name there next month?

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Thanks Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Simply Grand  
GRADY, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:  
I have received my chair and I think it is simply grand. I thank you very much, also the friends who were so kind in helping me get the subscriptions. I will do all I can to help other needy shut-ins get chairs. May the Lord richly bless you in your good work. Yours sincerely, Mrs. T. B. CHRISTIAN.

Little Boy Expresses His Appreciation of His COMFORT Wheel Chair

BOONE MILL, VA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:  
I want you to know how much I enjoy and appreciate my wheel chair. Mother says she will have to tie me to keep me from killing myself, for I just go all over the house in it. I thank you and all who kindly helped me to get it. May you have big success with your mercy work. I remain as ever, your little friend, ROLAND EUGENE CHEWINNIN.

Little Crippled Girl Takes Great Delight in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:  
Words cannot express our sincere gratitude for the lovely wheel chair you sent our little daughter Nada. She has been out in it only twice, so far, on account of the weather having been so terribly bad, but she can use the chair in the house and takes great delight in it. With its help I shall keep her out of doors most of the time when the weather is suitable. We expect to have a picture taken of her sitting in her wheel chair and will send you one for COMFORT. I am sending you a few more subscriptions. Don't think that, after you have treated me so fine, I would lose interest in getting wheel-chair subscriptions. Thanking you and the dear, kind friends who assisted us in getting Nada's chair, I am your well-wisher,

MRS. S. A. STRONG.

### COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Sylvia L. Taylor, Ark., for Arthur W. Taylor, 42; W. E. Mangum, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 40; Mrs. Emma Pentecost, Miss., for Mrs. Martha Timberlake, 40; Archie Knight, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 40; W. M. Holder, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 40; Miss Maggie Hall, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 37; Mrs. Mollie McNeill, N. C., for own wheel chair, 36; Jim S. Gardner, Texas, for own wheel chair, 32; Mrs. C. J. Perrin, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 25; Mrs. Bassie Coppel, Texas, for Ruby Pearl Coppel, 24; Mrs. Maud Morgan, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 23; Mrs. Franklin, Ga., for Mrs. W. F. McBride, 22; Miss Lillie McGuire, Ark., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. R. E. Davie, D. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Ruth Knight, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 20; Mrs. Lulu Umstead, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Mrs. Lura Vaughan, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Edward H. Ober, N. J., for Mrs. Phillips Garrison, 18; Mrs. P. J. Rubish, N. Dak., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 17; Miss Lucy Wilkes, N. C., for Benjamin F. Coffey, 17; Fay Eison, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 17; Mary E. Garrett, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 17; Mrs. Mary Barnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 16; Vena McCutchen, Miss., 15; for Mrs. Donie McCutchen, 16; Nora L. King, Arkansas, 15; Mrs. J. B. Ellis, North Carolina, for Miss Ruby Ellis, 15; Mrs. Ovilia Empey, Utah, for Community Chair, 15; Mrs. Eva Malick, Ark., for Erazay Malick, 14; John Wheeler, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 14; Mrs. A. B. Lewis, Ky., for John Brown, 13; Mrs. J. S. Hancock, Ga., for Taylor Culpepper, 13; Catherine Fraiser, Fla., for own wheel chair, 12; Miss Mary Lanier, Ga., for Dollie Virginia Lanier, 12; Mrs. Myrtle McCarty, Missouri, for Willie Clinton, 12; Mary Berry, Ga., for Little Berry, 11; Miss Annie Harris, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 11; Mrs. J. F. Clipper, Texas, for Martha Louise Sullivan, 11; Mrs. James H. Denny, Missouri, for Preston Morgan, 11; Mrs. W. M. Harden, Fla., for Taylor Culpepper, 10; Mrs. R. A. Cannoy, Tenn., for Howard Carr Cannoy, 10; Mrs. S. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 10; Bassie Coffey, N. C., for Benjamin F. Coffey, 10; Rosa Parrish, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 10; Mrs. M. E. Heatherly, Ala., for Johnnie May Heatherly, 9; Mrs. W. O. Glasscock, Texas, for Catherine Barnes and Roland Channing, 9; Mrs. A. J. Tilly, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 8; Mrs. Lula Smethers, Ky., for Catherine Barnes, 8; Mrs. E. Caudle, Arkansas, 8; Mrs. John Arnette, Tennessee, for General, 7; Miss Ethel Cross, Arkansas, for Elsie Robards, 7; Mrs. Fred Scafe, Okla., for Alice Scafe, 7; Mrs. Tilden Catron, Va., for General, 6; Mrs. Pat Sexton, Colo., for Florence Hart, 6; Mrs. Annie Slaton, Va., for Mrs. Catherine Fraiser, 6; Louise M. Beller, Wash., for General, 5; Mrs. L. M. Simmons, Pa., for General, 5; Mrs. Annie M. Strong, Mich., for General, 5; Jessie Ellis, N. C., for Ruby Elandine Ellis, 5; Mrs. T. A. Hancock, Va., for Thomas R. Hancock, 5; Mrs. Nola C. Owen, Ark., for General, 5; Mrs. Albert Shirley, Pa., for General, 5; W. S. Ford, Texas, for Leithor D. Darter, 5; Mrs. M. H. Gragg, Okla., for Lottie Berry, 5; Jeppie Bynum, Ala., for Max Hazel, 5; Kenneth Crooks, Kansas, for Grandma Balsom, 5; Miss Hilda Doerfler, Ind., for John Clark, 5; Mrs. M. E. Lukens, Ill., for Eva Lukens, 5; Polly Legg, W. Va., for General, 5.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

K. W., Lundgren, Minn.—We cannot give recommendations to any patent medicines. Some are good and some are not. Some are really medicines and some are fakes.

Mrs. S. A. H., Calhoun, Ala.—An electric, or other, vibrator may be useful and beneficial in some cases to start the circulation. Consult your physician and see if he will recommend it in your case.

R. S., Silay, Oc. Neg., P. I.—Your trembling, heart palpitation, perspiration and tears when you are called on in class, when you are addressed unexpectedly, or among strangers and your inability to remain composed when talking to the young ladies is due to self-consciousness, which is another name for nervousness.

Something is wrong with your nervous system, either acquired or natural, and you must put yourself under the direction of a nerve specialist, or a physician who is skilled in nervous diseases and let him try to restore you to normal condition. You are too young to neglect yourself now and continue under this nervous strain until it affects your mind, as it is quite sure to do eventually. It is a long way from Maine to the Philippines, but we know you have good doctors there and you must get one who not only understands your case, but who has sympathy for you as well and will give you just the treatment necessary. Let us hear from you again next year.

C. P., Mitchell, Ga.—All your ailments are of the surgical kind and can only be treated by a physician who can make personal examinations of their condition. Any advice that we could give would be entirely guesswork, which is really worse than no advice at all. We hope that all COMFORT patients will understand that surgical cases, that is broken bones, wounds, old sores and others of various kinds can only be treated by a physician who can make personal examination.

N. M., Mar, W. Va.—The standard remedy for warts of the ordinary kind is luna caustic which you can buy at any drug-store. It is applied to the warts and will destroy them. Be careful in applying it not to get it on the surrounding skin as it will burn it and make an ugly scar. Unless the warts are very large, numerous and on the inside of the hands, the caustic will not prevent your brother working.

B. H. V., Monticello, Ark.—Kidney troubles are too serious to be treated by mail. There is always danger of Bright's disease and when this has once become fixed, there is very little hope for a patient.

The proper course is to have examinations promptly made and treatment prescribed in time to prevent.

You have no doubt often heard that prevention is better than cure. It is not only true, but it is still better than no cure at all, because of neglect when there was time.

A. R. L., Sullivan, Ill.—Fasting is an excellent relief for indigestion, if it is done properly. As your indigestion is from over-eating, that is, giving your digestive organs more work to do than they are equal to, what better remedy could be applied than rest? Eat half as much as you are now eating, chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing, and eat nothing which does not agree with you perfectly, no matter how much you may like it. If you must drink coffee, drink only one cup a day with or without sugar, as you like.

W. H. H., Potlatch, Ida.—The baby has inherited a predisposition to nervousness and temper from his mother, and if he is handled carefully much of that may be overcome, but not by physical means. Don't punish him physically, but, in every way you can, impress upon his mind the danger of giving way to his temper and the real sin there is in such weakness. Teach him self-control as a duty to himself and those he cares most for and we think by the time he is old enough to understand it all, he will be so influenced by it that he will be a very fair average human being. Possibly his eyes are still a little crossed, and you are used to it and don't notice it. There is some weakness there, and this you should have a competent physician look after and correct if necessary, though many children have this defect and speedily outgrow it. Some of his nervousness may be due to some defect of vision as often happens. We are glad to see that you are not like a good many of our COMFORT mothers who foolishly think they can raise children properly without advice from anybody, and without knowing the first principles of child rearing.

Anxious, Harrisburg, Ark.—Fainting spells, so called, are not infrequent, and often are not especially serious, but oftener they are symptoms of the most dangerous diseases. Their cause cannot be guessed at and you must consult a physician who can thoroughly examine you and decide intelligently what is the cause and treat it properly. One such spell may happen and none ever come again, but when there have been two, it is time to make immediate and serious inquiry.

Mrs. J. L., Mt. Auburn, Iowa.—Neuralgia of the heart is the sharp pains you describe and it is a disease that may be relieved if not cured, but it is very unreliable and may result fatally on very short notice.

You must have a physician who can examine you and know all the conditions so that there shall be no guesswork.

Angina pectoris, which is practically the same thing, is one of the most painful diseases known and while it is not always suddenly fatal, it often is, though the patient may have attacks of it for a long time. Sometimes they are frequent, sometimes at long intervals, and they are always dangerous and very painful.

Rita, Marion, Ind.—There isn't any cure for blushing that we know of. It may be relieved to a great extent if the sufferer can cultivate a degree of non-selfconsciousness, so to speak, which prevents her ever thinking about herself at all, but not many can do that. It is due to nervousness which is natural and nature is generally incurable. Persistent practice in forgetting your own existence will help more than any other prescription we know of.

Mrs. C. S., Coeur d'Alene, Ida.—Your eyes hurt you continually and you cannot see well, but you cannot have a physician examine them and tell you what should be done for relief, because you cannot afford it! Well, do you think there is any economy which would justify the loss of your sight? Couldn't you afford to make a good many sacrifices rather than sacrifice your sight? Looking towards you from Maine to Idaho we cannot very well detect whether you are cross-eyed or not. We can tell, though, that you are totally blind, or you would see the absolute necessity of having a physician examine your eyes and prescribe for you.

H. F. S., Baudette, Minn.—A scar caused by a wound deep enough cannot be wholly removed, though some skin specialists can improve its appearance if it is very disfiguring. Such treatment is usually expensive and not always satisfactory. There is no fixed rule for removing disfiguring scars known to medicine, or surgery, and only an examining physician can give an opinion as to what may be done with yours.

M. B. C., Nathalie, Va.—There is no cure for chills as long as you live in anague neighborhood, or climate, unless you can prevent being bitten by mosquitoes.

Move away from where you now are to some part of your state where there is no ague and you will not have any more trouble with the chills. It is now known that the ague germ is put into the blood by the mosquito bite. Your stomach trouble and nervousness come largely from the drugs you are taking for the chills and will continue as long as the chills are with you, and they will be with you as long as you live where they prevail, unless you can exterminate or avoid the mosquitoes.

L. T., Washington, D. C.—As the gas is due to fermentation, which means poor digestion and you have adopted a diet which may in time improve conditions, we would suggest that you take during the day several drinks of hot water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it. This will neutralize the acid and give

temporary relief. What you need more than anything else now is exercise in the open air as a corrective of your eight hours a day in an office. You should walk from three to five miles a day, good sharp walking, and there are plenty of fine walks about your town. It will do you more good than medicine.

COMFORT'S Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. C., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the payment of note can be enforced against any property owned by one or both of two joint makers of the note, except, of course, such small allowances as are allowed by law as exemptions.

J. P., Mississippi.—Under the laws of South Carolina we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and a brother as her only heirs at law and next of kin, her estate after payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal shares to such husband and brother.

P. L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving a surviving husband and one child as her only heirs at law and next of kin, after payment of debts and expenses, the husband would receive one third of the personal property absolutely and one third of the real estate for life to the widow and the remainder to the child.

Mrs. E. L., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think an illegitimate child has any inheritance rights in the father's estate, unless some provision is made by will or unless they have been legitimated.

L. M. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his estate after payment of debts and expenses would go one third of the personal property absolutely, and one third of the real estate for life to the widow and the remainder to the child.

P. B., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents are legally entitled to the custody and control of their minor children.

F. B., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all contracts for the conveyance of real estate must be in writing to make them enforceable.

Mrs. N. C. S., Arkansas.—We think that if your husband died leaving no will and if he left property it will be necessary to have an administrator appointed by the court to legally settle his estate; we think you would have a preference for their appointment.

B. C. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kansas we are of the opinion that children, during the lifetime of the parents, have no interest in such parents' real estate and the same can be sold by the parent without the consent of the children; we think children can be disinherited by will, but in the absence of a will we think upon the death of a married man his homestead goes one half in value to the widow and one half in equal shares to the children, but that in order to constitute a homestead the land must be occupied by the family, and if the deceased leaves a widow and children the property cannot be divided until the youngest child reaches twenty-one years of age, unless the widow remarries; we think the widow receives one half of the balance of the real estate, not released by her, unless the same is necessary to pay debts, and that the personal property, not necessary to pay debts, is treated in the same manner as the homestead property, the balance of the estate going to the children equally.

T. T., Illinois.—Upon your statements we are of the following opinion: that it would be necessary to go in to the matter of the court proceeding under which the property you mention was sold to form an opinion as to whether you now have any chance of recovering any of this property. We think that if it was sold through a properly conducted court proceeding, your chances of recovering the property now, would be very slight, but that if on the other hand, there was some fraud committed in connection with this court proceeding you might upset same. We think that if your father left no will and left property to which you were entitled during your minority, the same should have been administered by a guardian and that in case such guardian has not accounted to you for your share of this property, you should be able to compel an accounting, unless your rights to same have been barred by the statute of limitations owing to your neglect to prosecute same within proper time after becoming of age. You furnish me with no information as to how much time has elapsed since your father's death nor as to how long it has been since you became of age.

Mrs. C. S., Martinsville, Ill.—We do not think that a minnow can be held for contracts made by him during minority unless the same are validated when he becomes of age. We do not think a deed to real estate executed by a minor conveys good title to such real estate. We think that in order to settle a minor's interest in an estate and receive good deeds or receipts for same, it would be necessary to transact business through such minor's guardian or through or under a court judgment or decree in some proceeding brought for that purpose.

Mrs. J. K., Little Falls, Minn.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that unless your neighbor has some easement or right of way across your property, you have a



# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



## AGENTS WANTED

Agents, I want 100 men to act as my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" Raincoats. I paid Ell Bridge \$88.95 for one week's spare time. Cooper \$314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for \$3.98. No money required. No delivering or collecting. Sample coat and complete outfit all free. Big season just starting. There's a thousand dollars in this for you if you grab it quick. Write now. Comer Mfg. Co., 203 Opal St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything; men and women \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Reliable People Wanted to place Eggine in stores and appoint agents. Takes the places of Eggs in baking and cooking at less than 9¢ doz. Package and particulars 10¢ postpaid. Morrissey Co., 434 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk M2, Chicago, Ill.

Mystic Fish Bait. Harmless, Lawful, Effective for all species of fish. Sample 25¢. Great summer seller. Agents & Dealers write. Hayes Co., 326 River St., Chicago.

Agents—Big summer seller. Water filter. Makes muddy water clear as crystal. For farm or city homes. Prevents typhoid. Sells like wildfire. Every home needs it. Write quick for territory and sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1819 North St., Dayton, O.

## SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings. Approximately hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-25, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

## SONGS

Songs Wanted for my mail order music catalog. Wonderful editing service. Story's Music House, 111 East 17th Street, New York.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted Stories, articles, poems etc. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Send MSS. to Cosmos Magazine, 1227 Washington, D. C.

## The Origin of Savings Banks

When it is considered that in some states such as Massachusetts, one out of every two and half people have savings bank accounts, and in New York with its great population, one out of three, the intimacy with which the savings bank touches the individual will become manifest. In fact no other institution except the home, the church, or the school comes into such close contact with humanity as does the savings bank. And because it touches the lives of so many people so vitally, the whole body politic is interested in the savings bank and what it does.

Financially speaking no other institution has such a marked effect for good to the individual and the community, as does the bank that takes your money. Every time you cross a well paved street, take a walk in the park, send your children to school, turn in an alarm of fire, draw some water, look with pride upon your public buildings, enter a well kept home, you pay tribute to the institution that made these things possible, and that institution is the savings bank.

While the bank of discount is an indispensable part of business life, and we could not do business without it, the number of patrons of the banks of discount is insignificant in comparison with the depositors of the savings banks of the country, now numbering over ten million.

It is well to know something about this feature of banking, for a savings bank is more than "a place to put money"—it is a great co-operative investment institution. Like a great many other institutions that have made for human good, the savings bank is a development, and the origin of the idea is in doubt. Daniel Defoe of "Robinson Crusoe" fame is mentioned as the original savings bank man, who conceived a scheme for the receipt of deposits on the part of the Government. Nothing came of it. Priscilla Wakefield and Joseph Smith in England also had schemes for the receipt of deposits on the part of the well to do, of small savings and the repaying of the same at Christmas time with a bounty, contributed by the wealthy managers; but these endeavors worked on the theory that the poor should be encouraged to save for the sake of the reward offered, and were supported by the donations of the rich, which is far from the savings bank idea.

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes. "I don't care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret," said Bob, one day, after a long silence, during which he had watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."—Youth's Companion.

## AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Soft Drinks in powder. Just add cold water; ready instantly, delicious, healthful, every one wants them. Sells thirty glasses 2c. Trial package 10c postpaid. Chas. H. Morrissey Co., 4417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Screen door check. Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Wonderful summer seller. Demonstrating sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Cash In On Bone Dry Bill. Make \$8 a day easy. Will show you how with our concentrated Pure Fruit drinks. Wanted everywhere. Small package—just add water. Here's the chance of a life time. Grab your territory. Write quick. American Products Co., 6115 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

"Washwhite" Cleans Clothes Without Rubbing. Attractive Premiums. Free samples. Nacma, 21-K, 18 W. Lake, Chicago.

Our Representatives are getting rich with marvelous new household commodity. Free samples get over 100 orders daily. Big profits. Exclusive territory going fast. Join our successful organization of prosperous agents and send today for free samples and particulars. Skitch Company, Desk 166, Chicago, Ill.

Land Opportunity! Inquire about my easy way to get a farm home in Michigan's Fruit and Clover Belt. 10 acres for \$250. \$5 down, \$4 monthly. General farming, stock, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Good towns, schools, churches. I insure you while you are buying and help you start farming. Big booklet free. Owner, George W. Swigart, C1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts \$250. and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. H. LaBaume, Agr. Agt. N. & W. Ry. 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

## BY PARCEL POST

We Sell Everything from a needle to a Thrasher machine, at the lowest price. Write and tell us what you want and we will mail you prices. Colman, 421 Manchester Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## REAL ESTATE

Small Missouri Farm \$10 Cash and \$8 monthly; no interest or taxes; Highly productive land; close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, D-104, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## TYPEWRITERS

Startling Values in typewriters \$10 to \$15 up. Rebuilt as good as new. All makes. Shipped on trial. Write for our "Easy Ownership" offer No. 135 E. Will save you money. Whitehead Typewriter Co., 126 N. LaSalle St., Chicago.

## FARMS FOR SALE

Money-making Farms. 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools, and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, New York.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free For Six Months—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 408, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

Salesman, Exceptional Opportunity: Establish yourself in business. Auto accessory, big demand, easy seller, large profit, exclusive territory. The Liberty Bell Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

## COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1853. Keep all money dated before 1855, and send 10¢ at once for New Illst Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

WHI Pay \$7.00 for 1853 Quarter; \$100.00 for 1854 Half without arrows. \$2.00 for 1904 Dollar proof. We buy all rare coins to 1912, cents, nickels, dimes, etc. to dollars, old bills and stamps. Cash premiums paid. Send us 4¢. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

## MALE HELP WANTED

Work For Uncle Sam. He is the best employer. Big pay, sure work, easy hours, long vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of jobs open this year. I will help you get one. Write for my big FREE Book, DY 1450, today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

War opens hundreds Government positions to men—women, \$75 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C9, Rochester, N. Y.

No Strike: 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, \$120. Colored Porters, Experience unnecessary. \$28 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Be A Detective. Excellent opportunity, prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examination. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-16, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examination. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-16, Rochester, N. Y.

Large National Chain Store Company offers young men 18 to 21 years old excellent opportunity to learn retail business on high efficiency standard and quality for management of branch stores. Special Course of instructions in Salesmanship given also liberal salary paid while learning. Only bright, energetic young men who desire to improve ability, need apply. Address Box No. 566 Baltimore, Md.

## FARMS FOR SALE

Money-making Farms. 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools, and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, New York.

\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

## INVENTIONS

Inventions Commercialized on cash and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2091 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

## HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

## POULTRY

Baby Chicks: Cheaper than Hatching Eggs. We specialize in Rocks, Leghorns & Reds. 20th Century Hatchery, Box 164 New Washington, O.

## DAY OLD CHICKS

Day Old Chicks for sale cheap. 10 Varieties. Hatched by one of the oldest Hatchers in the country. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

## FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Protect Your Checks. In 1915 alone, check-raisers and forgers stole \$15,000,000.

Our Check Protector makes your Bank account absolutely safe. Sent anywhere, prepaid, for 50¢. Take no chances. Safety first. Conway Bros., 129 Guilford Ave., Columbus, O.

## SAVINGS

savings, invest them for the benefit of the depositor and after paying the expenses of management, return the balance to the depositors as interest.

This plan proved so sensible and so helpful that savings banks sprang up all over England and Scotland, and shortly the idea crossed the Atlantic, resulting in the savings bank movement in this country, which closely followed the lines laid down by Duncan's bank.

## MOVIES DISCOURSE SALOONS

A member of the Motion Picture Board of Review recently said that due credit should be given to moving picture theaters for diminishing the number of saloons throughout the country. More than five hundred were crowded out of New York City last year, due to moving picture theaters; while four hundred went out of business in Brooklyn. The percentage of saloons eliminated in smaller manufacturing towns is even greater than in New York.

## TWO-MILLIONTH ALIEN

Kazimierz Wiadek Gawezywski, a Russian of Trenton, N. J., is the two millionth alien naturalized in the United States since the establishment of the Bureau of Naturalization Dec. 27, 1916.

Gawezywski's final application papers, numbered 2,000,000, were approved and passed and placed on file.

## 600-YEAR OLD SNUFF BOX

Joseph A. Willard, of Delmar Township, Pa., has been exhibiting an ancient carved ivory snuff box. On the cover is inscribed "Susanna Willard, 1806." This heirloom is said to have come over in the Mayflower and has been handed down in the Willard family for 600 years.

## LARGEST AREA OF ANY CITY

Los Angeles, Cal., recently annexed two new suburbs and therefore can now boast of its covering the largest area of any city in the United States. New York stands second with 314 square miles, 23 square miles less than Los Angeles.

Chicago takes third place with 198 square miles.

## LONGEST DISTANCE WIRELESS MESSAGE

What is thought to be the longest distance wireless message yet received, was reported by the steamship Venture, which recently arrived at Sidney, New South Wales.

While en route from San Francisco, Cal., a message was picked up from Tuckerton, N. J., at a point 8,000 miles away.

## ANNIVERSARY OF GAS

The 100th anniversary of the introduction of gas for lighting purposes was

celebrated in Baltimore, Md., recently.

Baltimore is said to be the first city in

the United States to use gas for lighting.

and to incorporate a gas company.

"Who's that very skinny fellow over

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. S2, Omaha, Neb.

Women—Start Dressmaking business in your homes. \$25 week. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C850, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 2¢ for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfaction.

Wood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

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## All out of doors coaxes, teases and invites you to get an Overland

There's one for you. See the Willys-Overland dealer today—let him show you the most comprehensive line of cars ever built by any one producer—make your selection now.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 912

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio  
Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars  
and Light Commercial Wagons

### Light Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 106-inch wheelbase, - - \$695  
Two Passenger Roadster, 104-inch wheelbase, - - \$680  
Four Passenger Sport Model, 104-inch wheelbase, - - \$795

### Big Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 112-inch wheelbase, - - \$895  
Three Passenger Roadster, 112-inch wheelbase, - - \$880  
Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 112-inch wheelbase \$1250  
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 112-inch wheelbase \$1450

### Light Sixes

Five Passenger Touring, 116-inch wheelbase, - - \$1025  
Three Passenger Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase, - - \$1070  
Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 116-inch wheelbase \$1385  
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 116-inch wheelbase \$1585

### Willys-Knights

Seven Passenger Four, Touring, 121-inch wheelbase, \$1395  
Seven Passenger Eight, Touring, 125-inch wheelbase, \$1950  
Four Passenger Four, Coupe, 114-inch wheelbase, \$1650  
Seven Pass. Four, Touring-Sedan, 121-in. wheelbase, \$1950  
Seven Passenger Four, Limousine, 121-in. wheelbase, \$1950

All prices f. o. b. Toledo—Subject to change without notice